

CLEAN FAST ECONOMIC COOKING

PHILIPS

GAS range

GILMANS

CHINA MAIL

Established 1845

No. 37117

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1958.

Price 30 Cents

RELAX IN **DAKS**

THE FAMOUS COMFORT IN ACTION TROUSERS

Whiteaways

HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

The Maze Below

THIS rains have come and, though the Water Board and their customers will hope that they have not gone, yet we can say safely now that the roads which last year cascaded down hillside cutting off the New Territories from Kowloon with several hundred land falls have this year behaved better. Behind their behaviour lies \$3,700,000 in supplementary typhoon expenditure in addition to a maintenance and repair bill in the order of \$20 million a year.

This is not to say that roads are perfect. Nathan's Road reminds every vehicle that bumps down it that all is not well under wheel. And there are many places where ditching and patching remind one of the song of the London band leader Joseph Cotten. "There's another hole in the road." There were about 8,000 road openings in the city area of Hong Kong last year, and the figure compares favourably with the number per mile in many towns in Britain.

His Problem

TO state the engineer's problem briefly... the thicker the top, the more costly an opening but the better the mend will be. For this reason a utility company that opens a road has to inform a long list of other utilities and invite them to use the trench if they can. The system sounds well enough, but in fact development goes on at such a rate that no sooner is a new road laid than it is up again, and no sooner patched by one utility than unpatched by another.

The reason for Nathan Road's surface is that the Roads Department have had to wait while water mains were laid before they spread a new top. But the chances are that however long they wait all the utilities will never be done, and no sooner will the new top be down than it too will come up again. Unless a single authority can be appointed to plan both the road top and the policy below it, with the power if necessary both to investigate and to prosecute avoidable road openings, Hong Kong might as well not bother to have first class surfaces in town. Roads, after all, are costly. A new top on the length of Nathan Road will cost \$5 million.

Formal Requests Made By Britain And America UN CHIEF PREPARES FOR SUMMIT

KHRUSHCHEV'S ANSWER NOW AWAITED

United Nations, Aug. 1.

The United States and Britain today both requested a special high-level Security Council meeting on the Middle East on August 12 and Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld immediately began consultations on arrangements for it. Canada quickly associated itself with the request and said Mr John Diefenbaker would attend.

'K WILL ACCEPT'

Moscow, Aug. 1. Western diplomats tonight confidently forecast acceptance by the Soviet Government of the essentials of the latest Anglo-U.S. summit proposals although they were prepared for further procedural negotiations. Although Mr Nikita Khrushchev, Soviet Prime Minister, has previously urged a more immediate summit meeting than August 12 this is the first firm date mentioned by the West and Soviet leadership is not expected to make a major issue of the point. The Soviet reply may be hindered by Moscow's need to study the difference in approaches between General de Gaulle on one hand and President Eisenhower and Mr Macmillan on the other. A meeting at Geneva meets the wishes of the Western trio as well as the Soviet Union.—China Mail Special.

U.S. Offer To Resume Talks With China

Washington, Aug. 1. The United States has offered to resume Ambassadorial talks with China on the release of four United States citizens still detained on the Chinese mainland, an authoritative source said today. The source said the United States had told China it was ready to hold the meeting in Warsaw, where Mr Jacob Beam, the U.S. Ambassador to Poland, would represent this country. No reply has been received as yet from China. The talks were suspended about seven months ago when Mr Alexis Johnson, the U.S. Ambassador to Czechoslovakia who had been representing the United States at the talks, was moved to the Far East and no other ambassador was named to take his place.—Reuter.

Margaret Stumbled

Niagara Falls, Aug. 1. Princess Margaret stumbled and almost fell when she walked into an unexpected exit in a dark tunnel during a visit to the Niagara Falls today. She threw her hands up before her face, cried "oh," and turned aside so quickly that she almost lost her balance. The princess had descended by lift to the foot of the horseshoe falls and met a crowd of photographers and reporters in a tunnel leading to the edge of the falls.—Reuter.

Kai Tak Explosion: Two Hurt

Two Senior Chinese Inspectors of the Hongkong Aircraft Engineering Company were badly burned yesterday morning when a piece of test equipment exploded, spraying them with hot glycerine. They were taken to Kowloon Hospital where they are reported to be "quite well." The accident occurred in the Engine Overhaul Workshops. The hot glycerine at a temperature of 150 degrees Centigrade in addition to burning the engineers, started a small fire which was quickly brought under control. The two inspectors were George Yung and Kwan Yick-lung.

The site was left open in both the British and American notes submitted today, but Mr Hammarskjöld has expressed a preference for New York on grounds that a scientific meeting on peaceful uses of atomic energy due to open in Geneva on Sept. 1 would complicate arrangements for a mid-August summit-council session in that city. The Soviet ambassador Mr Arkady Sobolev, summoned to Mr Hammarskjöld's office late this afternoon, told the news-men he had two instructions from Moscow on arrangements for the session.

Formosa's View

Most diplomats awaited the Khrushchev's official reaction in a reply, expected, speedily, from the Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev to notes sent to Moscow yesterday and today by Mr Harold Macmillan and President Eisenhower. Foreign Minister Huang Shao-kai, in a statement issued today, gave Taipei's first official view on the projected summit-council session. He said that aside from council members' participation, should be "strictly limited" in the session to those countries "directly affected by the Middle East situation" and their participation should be determined by the council. With the five permanent members consulted today, Mr Hammarskjöld planned tomorrow to see the six non-permanent members of the council: Canada, Colombia, Iraq, Japan, Panama and Sweden. Mr Frank Carpenter, spokesman for the U.S. delegation, said these informal discussions, requested both by the United States and Britain, were expected to continue "some few days."

Procedural

"The discussions are concerned with the who, what, when, where and why of the meeting," Mr Carpenter said. "They are procedural rather than substantive." The consultations are being held to see what people's views are on the place.—U.P.I.

De Gaulle Not Sure

Paris, Aug. 1. A spokesman of the Foreign Ministry declined to state specifically whether General de Gaulle would attend the Security Council meeting. He stressed the French Government's view that a public meeting such as that of the Security Council could not contribute anything positive to the chances of an East-West agreement over the Middle East. It was almost certainly likely to do more harm than good, he said.—China Mail Special.

U.S. Bid To Photograph Other Side Of The Moon

Washington, Aug. 1. The first U.S. rocket shot to the moon will be designed to get photographs of the far side, Mr Roy W. Johnson, who heads the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA), said today. A later instrument-carrying rocket will be designed to achieve a "soft landing" on the moon 236,000 miles away.

Mr Johnson said in a radio interview recent reports that the first moon rocket would be fired this month "might prove to be optimistic." But he said the lunar experiments "certainly" will be carried out this year. Mr Johnson's comments confirmed that Navy scientists have succeeded in developing a TV-type "scanning device" for photographing and transmitting to earth a picture of the side of the moon which never has been seen by man.

The moon rotates slowly—once every 27.3 days—and always presents the same face to the earth. Mr Johnson said the first lunar rocket will seek to measure the moon's gravity and its magnetic field.—U.P.I.

COMMUNIST LEADER FAILS TO FORM GOVERNMENT

Helsinki, Aug. 1. Finnish Communist leader Eino Kilpi today failed in his attempt to form a "Popular Front" government in Finland.

The Social-Democratic Party (48 seats) and the Orthodox Socialists (3 seats) refused to participate in a Kilpi government. Communists had gained an unexpected lead by winning 50 seats in the new Parliament but needed the support of the two socialist parties to hold a majority of 101 seats against 99 of the opposition.

President Urho Kekkonen had called on Kilpi to try to form the new government yesterday. In a statement published after a meeting, the parliamentary group of the Social Democratic Party declared: "The present situation requires a government which disposes of a broad base capable of solving current problems. The government proposed by Kilpi did not fulfill these requirements." The Orthodox Socialists announced that they "refuse to participate in a minority government presided over by Kilpi and dominated by the extreme left." Kilpi was expected to visit President Kekkonen tonight to inform him officially of his failure to form the government.—France-Press.

Broad Base

In a statement published after a meeting, the parliamentary group of the Social Democratic Party declared: "The present situation requires a government which disposes of a broad base capable of solving current problems. The government proposed by Kilpi did not fulfill these requirements." The Orthodox Socialists announced that they "refuse to participate in a minority government presided over by Kilpi and dominated by the extreme left." Kilpi was expected to visit President Kekkonen tonight to inform him officially of his failure to form the government.—France-Press.

Pole-Vaulted To Safety

Graz, Aug. 1. A 42-year-old Hungarian athlete today pole-vaulted over barbed wire entanglements and a mine field guarding the Hungary-Austria frontier to seek for political asylum in Austria. Ferenc Nagy, of Budapest, a former non-communist officer and athlete told the Austrian press he practiced similar jumps for many months while planning his escape.—Reuter.

LEBANON RECOGNISES IRAQ

Beirut, Aug. 1. The Lebanese Government today recognised the new Iraqi Government. Decision to recognise the Iraqi Government was taken during a cabinet meeting this afternoon. The Lebanese ambassador at Baghdad was asked to hand a recognition note to the Iraqi Foreign Ministry and to express Lebanon's best wishes for the prosperity and progress of Iraq, "the brother country."—France-Press.

Switzerland Too

Berne, Aug. 1. The Swiss Government today recognised the new Iraqi Government.—France-Press.

Angeline Locks Up The White House

Washington, Aug. 1. Angeline Clett, a pretty 19-year-old Texas blonde who has been picketing the White House for 10 days, locked the heavy iron gates of the main entrance with a chain and padlock today and made off with the key.

She was protesting against a Federal Court decision that her family does not own 330 acres it claims in Texas. Guards called after her, asking her to return the key but Angeline ignored them. Later, however, she sent the key to President Eisenhower. But before it arrived guards had recovered the gate, breaking the chain with hammers and pliers.

Chamoun For U.S.

Beirut, Aug. 1. President Eisenhower has invited the outgoing Lebanese President Camille Chamoun to visit the U.S. a well informed source stated here today.—France-Press.

BRITISH TROOPS TO MOVE TO AQABA?

Amman, Aug. 1. British paratroops on crisis duty for the past two weeks may be shifted to the key port of south Jordan, Aqaba shortly, reliable sources reported. Aqaba's importance to Jordan has increased immeasurably as a result of the Iraqi coup. Now, with both the Iraqi and Syrian borders closed to Jordan, Aqaba sits at the head of the supply line to the outside world. U.S. ships have been operating regularly to Aqaba in the past few weeks. The only other major supply route to Jordan had been the Anglo-American aerial route from Cyprus and the American "sky-train" from Beirut. The sources said that behind the prospective British troops move to Aqaba would be a firm determination on the part of the British Government to prevent strangulation of Jordan by the means of a coup or other violence in Aqaba.

Port Plans

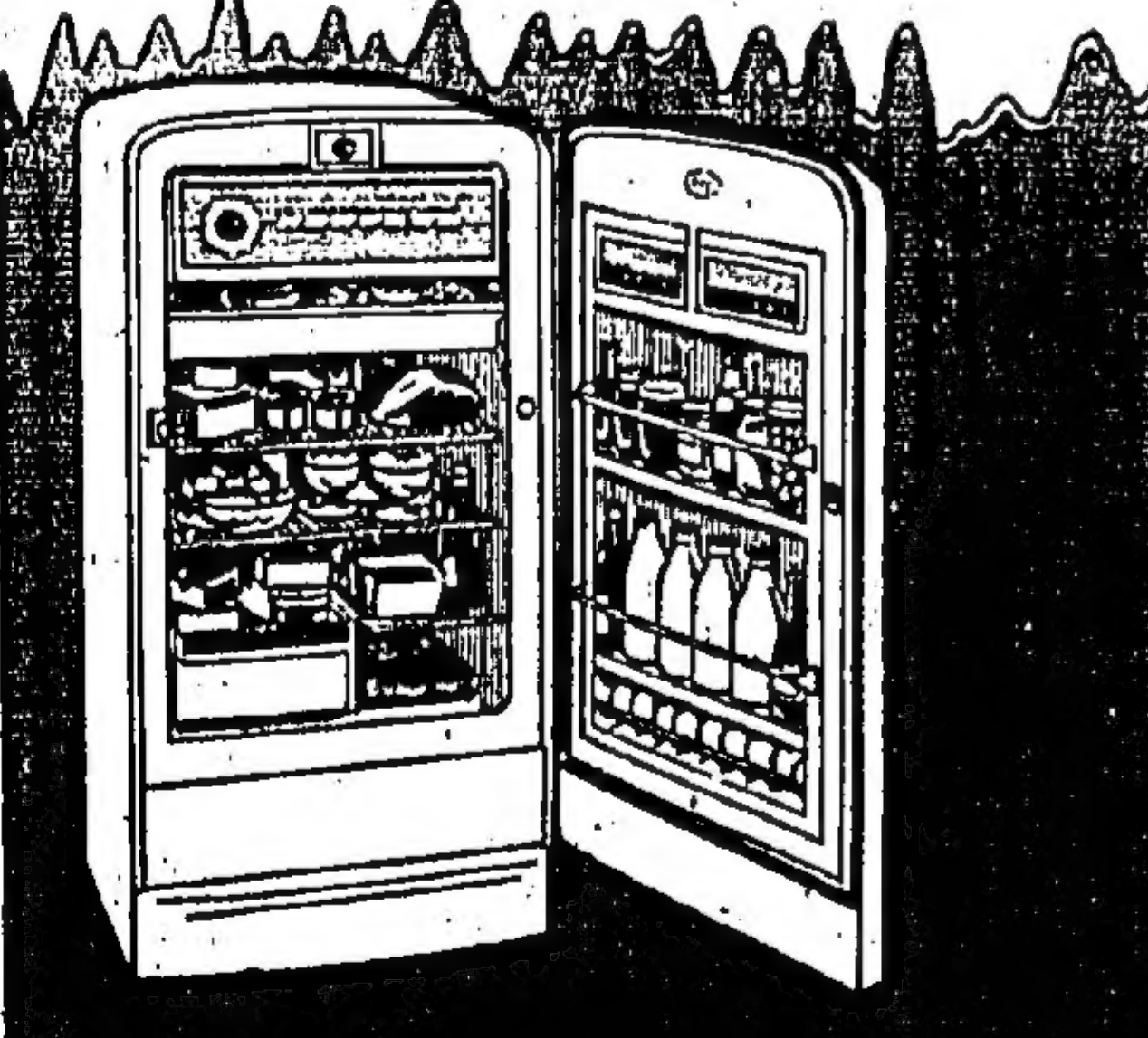
A British reconnaissance group went to Aqaba recently. Plans have been under way for some time to improve the port considerably, including installation of a large sea pipeline to pump oil ashore from tankers. According to the sources, paratroops playing the Aqaba vicinity will be replaced by ground troops presently on Cyprus. British army spokesmen refused to confirm or deny the reports, which were accorded wide acceptance here.—U.P.I.

Persian Gulf Name Changed

Baghdad, Aug. 1. The Iraqi Government today decided to drop the expression "Persian Gulf" from the official vocabulary and replace it by "Arab Gulf" the term in general use in Iraq. Government departments have been told of the decision and Iraqi diplomatic representatives abroad will also be informed. The government decision is interpreted as having been inspired by the Arab Liberation Movement which, according to Egypt's President Nasser, will spread "from the Atlantic to the Arab Gulf."—France-Press.

THE NEW..... S&C

'SUPER' SIX REFRIGERATOR



S&C

There are so many things to see

Such lovely things, both East and West; Won't you fly there with me?

- ★ From HONG KONG to EUROPE every Wednesday & Sunday.
- ★ 7 flights a week to EUROPE from BOMBAY.
- ★ Choice of stopovers in CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, BEIRUT, DAMASCUS, CAIRO, KOBE, PRAGUE, DUSSELDORF, ZURICH, GENEVA, PARIS.
- ★ 2 flights a week from HONG KONG to TOKYO.
- ★ Choice of First & Tourist Class.
- ★ Every First Class seat a full Stumbersette.
- ★ Easy connections to cities all over the world.
- ★ Wonderful Super-G Constellation flights and Radar comfort.

AIR-INDIA International


For India, 7 and 8th Floors

Tel. 22274-22913



RED and WHITE CHIANTI

Insist on ANTINORI for a genuine CHIANTI



ANTINORI CHIANTI

Sole Agents: CALDERA, MACDONALD & CO., LTD. 2, CHATER ROAD, N.E. PHONE 12007

KING'S PRINCESS

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★



THIS ANGRY AGE

Starring: MARGARET RUSSELL, YVONNE SANSON, ALIDA VALLI
Produced by: RENE CLEMENT - A DELO DE LAURENTIS PRODUCTION
TECHNICOLOR

KING'S

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.
Special Morning Show

20th Century-Fox's Variety Programme of
Terrytoon Technicolor Cartoons
In CinemaScope
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

WEEK-END HOLIDAY
SPECIAL MATINEES

To-day at 12.30 p.m. Paramount presents

Martin-Lewis & Donna Reed in "CADDY"

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. M-G-M's Programme of

TOM & JERRY TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Otto Preminger presents

Frank Sinatra • Eleanor Parker • Kim Novak in
"THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM"

Monday at 12.30 p.m. M-G-M presents

Stewart Granger • Grace Kelly • Paul Douglas
in "GREEN FIRE"
In CinemaScope and Colour

Admission Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

BOX-OFFICE CHAMPION FOR MAY, 1958!
THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST MEN
run riot in the world's wildest city!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
F O X M. G. M.

LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. In CinemaScope & Color
"PICNIC" Starring: Kim MOVAK • Wm. HOLDEN

HOOVER LIBERTY

NOW PLAYING
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

M-G-M's MASTERPIECE OF EXCITEMENT FROM THE
MASTER OF TERROR ANDREW L. STONE



A Shock Drama of Mounting Tension & Chilling Suspense!
It'll Keep You On the Edge of Your Seat!

HOOVER THEATRE: Sunday 12.00 Noon Reduced Adm.

Cyd CHARISSE
Fred ASFAIRE in "SILK STOCKINGS"

TELEVISION

TELEPHONE: 77-2021

FILMS Current and Coming by Lucy Downing

THIS week the accent is on Paris. The star-spangled "Paris Holiday" at the Metropole and Star should attract film-goers seeking easy relaxation at the hands of the accomplished comedians, Bob Hope and Fernandel, and eye-filling feminine interest in the shape of Anita Ekberg and Martha Hyer.

At the Lee and Astor the film fare is "Paris By Night." This music hall review is in Agfa-Colour which is always a joy to behold, but this Thamos film relies upon visual entertainment only.

"Paris Holiday" which was immediately preceded by "Paris Folies of 1958" at the Star and Metropole, is woven upon a slender thread of a story about criminal counterfeiters, American Embassy employees, and Bob Hope and Fernandel as a film star and French comedian respectively. What could be easier?

The audience will enjoy the ad-libbing. The two stars did not use scripts in certain sequences. They quipped at each other quite spontaneously. This happens often enough on "live shows" but never before has it happened on films. Once Bob Hope spent hours dangling from the rope ladder of a helicopter and being deliberately dunked into a nice wet swimming pool from time to time. Expecting some comeback about being "all wet," his colleagues heard the voiced Hope mutter: "Talk about pooling your talents."

Some of the scenes in the film are based upon actual incidents in Bob Hope's career and both he and Fernandel enjoyed "being characters based so closely upon themselves and their experiences. This is evident.

Paris has been captured with the Technirama - Technicolor cameras. There are beautiful shots of the Eiffel Tower, Montmartre, the Left Bank, the Champs Elysees, Maxime's Place de la Concorde, Arc de Triomphe and the Tuilleries Gardens. Once more, Hope quips, "You can see Paris without being vaccinated."

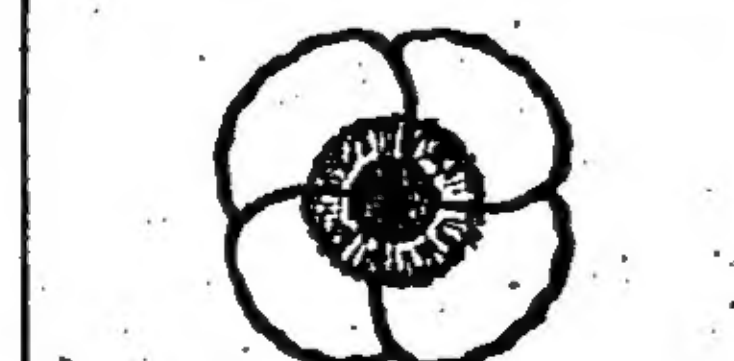
TALKING about the French sympathy towards lovers, Bob Hope remarks, "That's what I like about the French. No wonder there are fifty million of them." Then handing a dollar bill to a bellboy he assures him, "These are good in Hongkong."

The dialogue literally bristles with quips of Hope's usual high standard. Fernandel, speaking French practically throughout the film, gets by with his facial expressions which are priceless.

The strand of story is stretched too far when Hope is interned in an asylum, yet the funniest situations in the picture arise in that environment.

Fernandel is the most fetchingly funny female impersonator I have ever seen. While he cavorts through the wards with a well-turned ankle showing to best advantage and the most engaging expression, the audience positively hoots with mirth.

His attempt to rescue Hope foiled at the last moment, Fernandel returns to the fray as a soberly clad parish priest, whose pious expression keeps slipping.



British Legion

MAKE PLANS TO RENDEVOUS at the

HOOVER THEATRE on 11th August at 9.30 p.m.

for the GALA FILM PREMIERE of

"DUNKIRK"

in aid of EARL HAIG FUND
TICKETS AT MOUTRIES
BETWEEN 1st-9th AUG.
You Must Get There!

Meanwhile Hope has attempted to send a message to the American Embassy but his feathered friend turned out to be a "stool" pigeon.

The helicopter session is so incredible that by this time the comedy has become pure farce and we are all left dangling so far as the plot is concerned when the curtain falls.

CHARLES Laughton, one of the most distinguished and articulate actors of the century, creates a powerful character in the role of Sir Wilfrid Roberts, a querulous but superb barrister in "Witness For The Prosecution."

His performance alone is worth a visit to the United Artists film showing at the Hoover and Liberty, which also stars Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power and Elsa Lanchester.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "This Angry Age." Anthony Perkins and Silvana Mangano teamed as brother and sister on the monsoon-flooded Thailand coast in Technirama and Technicolor. From Marguerite Duras' novel "Sea Wall" a brilliant story of misery, indolence and calamity on the Indo-China coast, culminated with the wicked delights of the Bangkok bazars.

Excellent performance by Jo van Fleet, willing to suffer indefinitely for her all-consuming ambition. Alida Valli as Claude and Richard Conte as Michel provide a sinister interest for the angry brother and sister who leave the land for life in the big city.

METROPOLE & STAR: "Paris Holiday." Spangled with stars—Bob Hope, Fernandel, Anita Ekberg, Martha Hyer and Irene Tung. How to see Paris without being infected by the Eiffel Tower, Montmartre, Maxime's, the Tuilleries and the Left Bank with hilarious Hope, funny Fernandel and winsome women.

A riotous romp centred on a sinister espionage set-up with Hope and Fernandel ad-libbing for the first time on film. United Artists release also in Technicolor and Technirama.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Witness For The Prosecution." An expensive mystery melodrama brought to the screen through United Artists. An Arthur Hornblow production starring Charles

The story is said to have been written up by a 60-year-old woman, while she was in her bath eating apples, and to have been sold for the highest price ever paid by a film company for a mystery melodrama.

The authoress was Agatha Christie and the price just under US\$500,000. Then the world's most glamorous grandmothers played the part of Christine Vole-Helm with inscrutable venom, while Tyrone Power plays the likable Leonard Vole accused of murdering a woman friend, Mrs French.

It evolves that Christine married Leonard Vole for the purpose of getting to England from Germany before her first marriage had been annulled and she is therefore able to testify in the case in which her husband is being tried.

Her damaging testimony shatters everyone and most of all Vole who pleads his innocence with a passion amounting to frenzy. He appears doomed, but Sir Wilfrid saves the day. Or does he?

The unexpected and baffling ending was not even known to

Laughton, Tyrone Power and Marlene Dietrich, with Elsa Lanchester and John Williams.

Agatha Christie received nearly half a million dollars in United States currency for the sensational story, adapted for the screen by Billy Wilder, and as a stage play it was famous for its unexpected and baffling ending.

With Charles Laughton, distinguished and articulate as a brilliant barrister, Tyrone Power as the likable accused husband of Marlene Dietrich who gives damaging testimony against him, Elsa Lanchester gives an inimitable performance as the barrister's private nurse who would like to tie him to her apron strings.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Fly." An electronic age horror film, starting Al Hedison, Patricia Owens, Vincent Price and Herbert Marshall. Based on a science-fiction thriller by George Langelaan, in which a young scientist invents a so-called miracle machine and experiments upon himself. Unfortunately he is inadvertently involved and the scientist emerges with the grotesque giant head and features of a fly. Twentieth Century - Fox's production claimed to be the tops in sheer shock value.

LEE & ASTOR: "Paris By Night." Agfa-colour music hall parade in the gay city. Featuring the Golden Goddess dance and described as sensual and exciting. A Thamos film.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "World of Football." Championship of 1958. Excellent documentary of 35 football games including the Final between Brazil and Sweden played on June 29 in Stockholm. Takes the spectator out on to the field. Exciting black and white sequence in the 9,800 foot film which takes nearly two hours to watch. Ufa film Company, Germany.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Law and Jake Wade." Red Indians scalp-hunting, desperate men treasure-hunting and a lovely girl held captive. These are some of the exciting ingredients of the film starring Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark and Patricia Owens (of Bayou) in CinemaScope and Technicolor.

Produced by William Hawks and based on a gold medal novel by Marvin H. Albert, this six-gun history realises former hold-up artists with blood-curdling consequences. Set in the sweeping grandeur of the High Sierras. A Western with sustained suspense and dramatic climax.

METROPOLE & STAR: "The Kid." One of Charlie Chaplin's early masterpieces which arose from a very young Jackie Coogan. Delightful story of a slum-dweller who has a fountaining child thrust upon him, who brings him up with certain standards of hygiene and be-

haviour to be a tough and level-headed young man able to outwit the police and the street bully. Melodrama, pathos and entertainment at genius level, all evident despite the outmoded technique of the cinematograph art.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed." Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney and Mickey Shaubert as horse-mad men in a good-humoured farce concerning vitamin pills, training race horses and bank robberies of an hilarious nature.

Tom Ewell (of "The Seven-Year Itch" fame) is better than ever as soft-natured Max Baucus, who can be persuaded to enter any criminal undertaking (with a certain amount of innocence) by bombastic Gus Haines (Mickey Rooney). Mickey Shaubert plays the part of the unholy trio who finally end up in jail. The viewer has many pills to swallow. They are so well-coated in pink sugar that a happy and relaxed frame of mind is inevitably reached by the time the film ends.

LEE & ASTOR: "Violent Playground." A J. Arthur Rank production, starring Stanley Baker and Anne Heywood. Black and white film about teenagers and their problems.

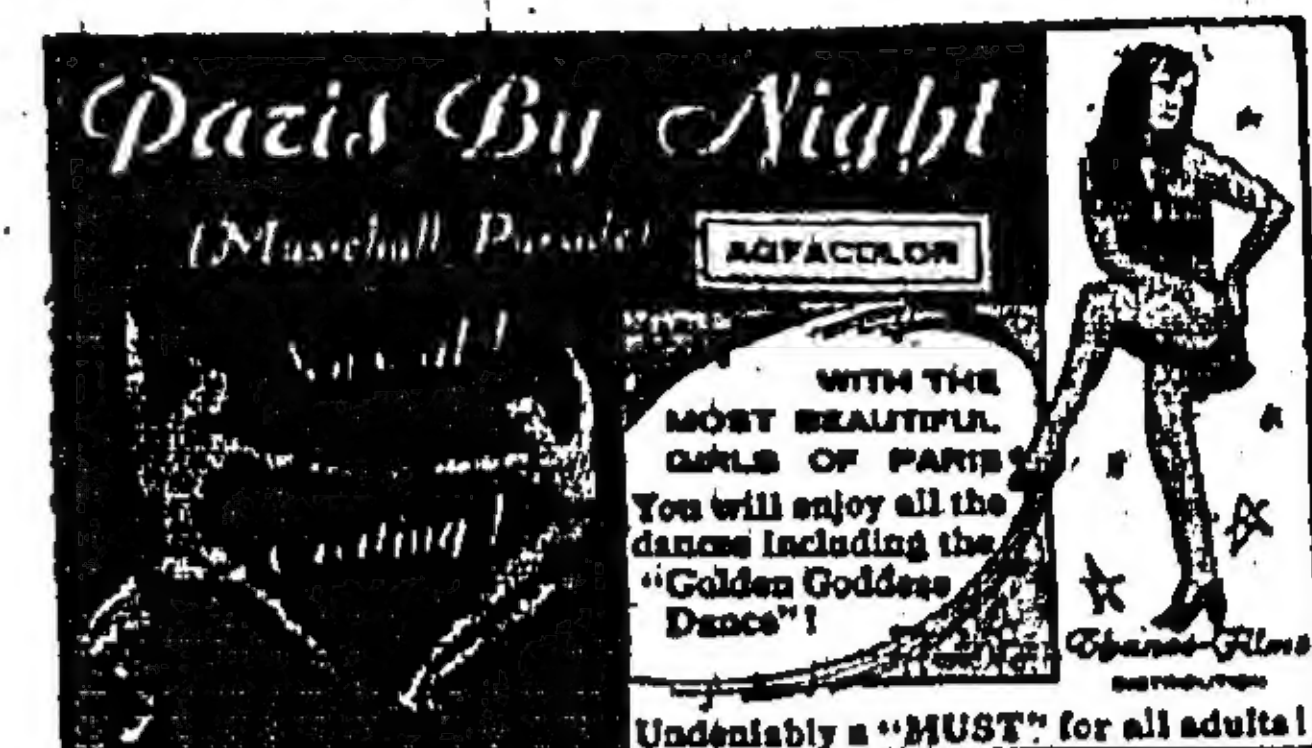
The Management's regret to inform the public that due to other contractual commitments, The Showing "CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW" has had to be terminated.

"CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW" will however be brought back for a return engagement soon. Please watch for it.

LEE & ASTOR THEATRES.

Lee & Astor

★ OPENING TO-DAY ★
4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION:—
TECHNICOLOR PUPPETOON
"PRINCE ELECTRON"
AWARD WINNER ON THE BIENNALE IN VENICE
AND THE FILM FESTIVAL AT CANNES IN 1956

Produced by Joop Geesink of Dollywood Studio,
by order of Philips Industries Ltd., Holland.

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE ASTOR THEATRE

At 12.00 noon At 11.00 a.m.

3 STOOGES COMEDIES 3 STOOGES COMEDIES

and and

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS "GOLD RUSH"

from Columbia

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE MONSTER CREATED BY ATOMS GONE WILD!



TOMORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

20th Century-Fox presents in CinemaScope & Color

Marilyn MONROE in "BUS STOP"

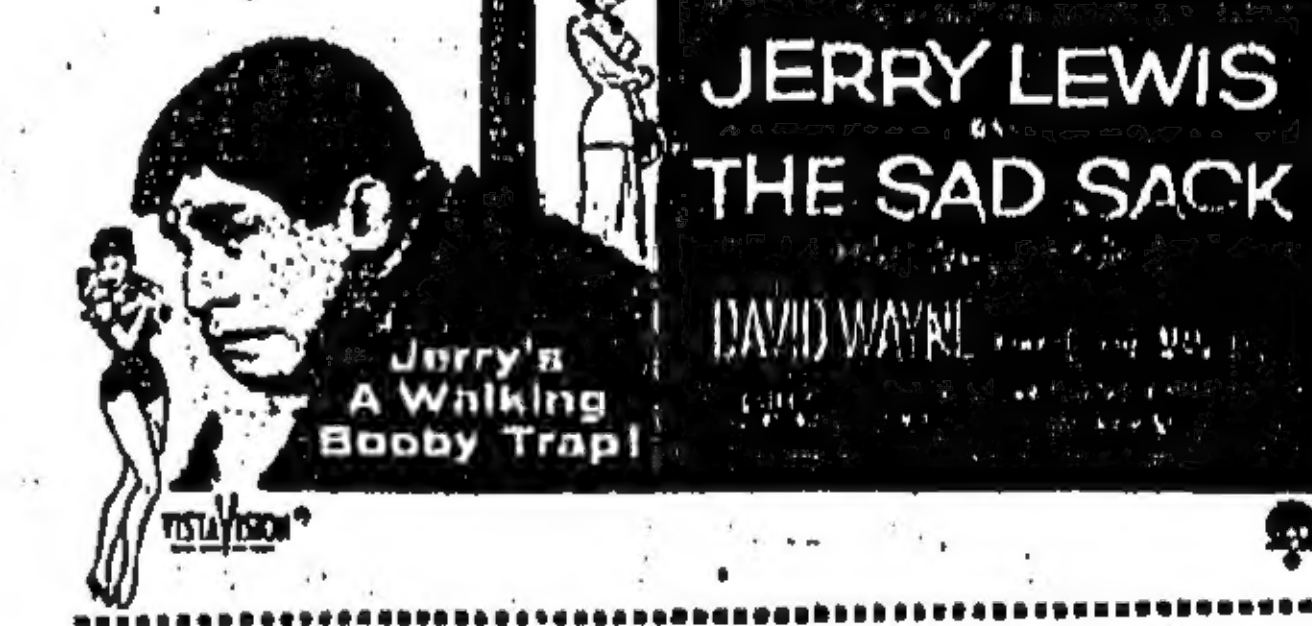
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

CAPITOL RITZ

HELD OVER TODAY || SHOWING TODAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



CAPITOL RITZ

TO-MORROW LEO GERN

in "STEEL BAYONET"

NEXT CHANGE ANTHONY QUINN

KATY JURADO in "MAN FROM DEL RIO"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

HELD OVER TO-DAY

LAST 3 SHOWS

At 2.30, 6.00 & 9.15 p.m.



Morning Show To-morrow Film

"THE TEARHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"

LAURENCE HANLEY in "THE SILENT ENEMY"

An advertisement in the CHINA MAIL GOES TO CUSTOMERS Instead of waiting for them to come to you Use the CHINA MAIL regularly

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Sixty Cats Lived Among The Gold And Pictures

London. It was the atmosphere of the gaunt, double-fronted house with its view of the Channel that turned one-legged war hero Harold Berry into a criminal. He went to the house on the cliff-top in Broadstairs as a servant-attendant, salary £11 a week.

His duties: To look after his 61-year-old employer, Mr. William Brinkley Gulland, and the 60 cats that roamed the house.

For 18 months he never saw Mr Gulland.

Gloomy Corridors
He would walk the gloomy corridors of the richly furnished house with only the scuffling cats for company.

He would pull open drawers and find new litters of kittens. They would curl themselves round the heavy gold and silver ornaments that decorated the house in profusion. They would prowl from behind oil paintings stacked in battens against the walls.

Mr Gulland preferred to sleep outside the house—in his car. Berry was left inside with the cats.

Occasionally Mr Gulland would summon a taxi and disappear towards the nearest railway line to watch the trains go by. Occasionally, Berry discovered, he would order the taxi to chase a passing fire engine.

Not Poisoned
But never, until those 18 months had passed, did he actually see Mr Gulland. Their only contact was when he passed his meals through a half-open door.

He received his orders the same way.

The meals themselves were simple: Mr Gulland's favourite was cake and milk with vitamin tablets.

HOUSE CHANGED A

WAR HERO

INTO A

CRIMINAL!

When a cat died a veterinary surgeon would be called to the house to perform a post-mortem as a check that it had not been poisoned.

Every week the local store would be ordered to send eight dozen rolls of paper to the house because Mr Gulland insisted that everything he touched must be cleaned with paper.

Grotesque
"A surreal atmosphere," commented Mr Edward Gardner, who defended Berry at East Kent Quarter Sessions at Canterbury.

The place was crammed full of oil paintings, stacked against the walls with gold and silver and expensive ornaments and jewellery.

"A grotesque and fantastic background," which Mr Gardner had painted for the court, that had led Berry into temptation, Mr Gardner said.

He described Mr Gulland as "something of an eccentric." Mr C. H. Gage, who prosecuted, agreed with that description.

Mr Gulland would be unable to give evidence he said; he was not capable of expressing himself.

Berry had pleaded guilty to stealing valuables worth £739 from Mr Gulland's safe. He had found the keys on the garden path and opened it, and the prospect of the wealth laid out before him had been too much.

He had been at the house three years and, said Mr Gardner, "his judgment was stupefied and his conscience numbed."

Berry, who lost his leg fighting with the Buffs in Europe, had sold the property for £100 and gambled it away. On dogs.

A stocky, powerfully-built man in dark lounge suit, he stood at attention as the charges were read.

THE BABY WHO GOT TOO LITTLE FOOD
London. FIVE-MONTH-OLD Anthony Howard died because it was alleged last week—he was not given enough to eat.

His parents, Leonard Howard, aged 23, and 21-year-old Mrs Marlene Howard, were accused at Sutton, Surrey, of unlawfully killing him and neglecting him in a way likely to cause unnecessary suffering.

Mr A. G. Flavell, prosecuting, said understanding led directly to the baby's death. He was born prematurely in hospital last October 24, and not discharged until December 16 because he was under-weight.

Between then and April 3, when he died, no medical assistance was obtained, although it must have been obvious that something was wrong.

DUST COVERED
Dr David Haler, pathologist, said the causes of the death were chronic malnutrition and bronchial pneumonia.

About the malnutrition he said: "It would take a month, and possibly six weeks, to reach this stage."

Detective Sergeant Kenneth Thompson said when he called at the Howard's one-room home in Churchyard Road Sutton, he found three tins of vegetable and a bottle of orange juice covered in dust.

Howard and his wife—she is expecting another child in October—said in alleged statements that the baby seemed all right until the day before he died. They were sent for trial and each allowed £20 bail.

Gold And Pictures

London. The sentence was nine months in gaol.

Mr Gulland, a bachelor, had lived alone, except for the servants, since his mother died several months ago.

His valet said, "He is indisposed and cannot see anyone."

Bearded Mr Gulland was sitting in the back seat of an old black car, parked outside the front door.

Handle With Care: They're Explosive!
London. THE college magazine of Southwest Technical College printed the following chemical analysis of a substance it identified only as "woman".

"Thought to be a member of human race. Accepted at 120 pounds although known isotopes vary from 80 to 125.25 pounds."

Extremely Active
"Seldom found in natural state. Surface usually coated with solution of paint. Low boiling temperature and freezing point varies. Is highly explosive and dangerous except in qualified hands."

"Extremely active when in vicinity of opposite member of species. Chiefly ornamental, probably the most powerful seducing agent known."

"It is illegal to own more than one specimen although a certain amount of exchange is permissible."—U.P.I.

It's A New Delicacy: Smoked Hippo Meat
Kampala. A NEW delicacy—smoked hippo meat—will soon be appearing on Uganda tables in an attempt to get rid of 300 two-ton corpses delict.

The victims will be hippos from the shores of Lake Edward in the Queen Elizabeth National Park, where hippos herd 14,000 strong, are destroying the countryside and turning the shooting is strictly prohibited in the park, but the hippos are

swarming like rabbits. Each night they trek miles inland, spreading devastation into the home ground of elephant, buffalo and buck.

Some of the bodies will be delivered to scientists who are studying the breeding habits of hippos. Others will go to veterinary and virus research laboratories. The local tribesmen will be appeased by gifts of as much fresh hippo meat as they can swallow and the rest will be smoked for sale. Those who enjoyed whatevver during the war would like it.—U.P.I.

Eroded Areas
To decide just how much damage is due to hippos and how much to other game the park authorities have decided to slaughter all the hippos in two of the worst eroded areas. Guards will then prevent any more hippos from invading these areas, although other game will be allowed in.

If erosion ceases and the grazing recovers, the hippos will be proved guilty and a drastic thinning of the rest of the herd will be begun. This will ring the death knell of another six or seven thousand.

"Operation Hippopot" is proposed and directed by American zoologist Dr W. M. Longhurst, who is studying Uganda's game problems on a Fulbright scholarship. It has caused bitter controversy in the National Parks hierarchy. Between those who hold that wild life is sacred within the park boundary and those who believe in restoring the balance of nature with a helping bullet.

Parks director Rene Bere plans to keep the slaughter as discreet as possible. "There must be no publicity," he says. "Visitors will be excluded from the killing grounds. Photographers of any sort will be expressly banned."

Even if he succeeds in clamping an iron curtain round the killing, however, he will still be

TROUBLE WITH WHAT SHE DIDN'T WEAR
Allerton. TOWN Councillor Sally Jackson, is in trouble for what she doesn't wear.

In fact the town clerk is going to have a little talk with her about it.

The trouble is that 25-year-old Sally refuses to wear the blue robes trimmed with brown fur which aldermen and councillors wear at council meetings.

She said that, "I believe councillors should be the same as other citizens. That outfit is just dressing up—like little boys wearing cowboy suits."—U.P.I.

Gold And Pictures

London. The sentence was nine months in gaol.

Mr Gulland, a bachelor, had lived alone, except for the servants, since his mother died several months ago.

His valet said, "He is indisposed and cannot see anyone."

Bearded Mr Gulland was sitting in the back seat of an old black car, parked outside the front door.

Handle With Care: They're Explosive!
London. THE college magazine of Southwest Technical College printed the following chemical analysis of a substance it identified only as "woman".

"Thought to be a member of human race. Accepted at 120 pounds although known isotopes vary from 80 to 125.25 pounds."

Extremely Active
"Seldom found in natural state. Surface usually coated with solution of paint. Low boiling temperature and freezing point varies. Is highly explosive and dangerous except in qualified hands."

"Extremely active when in vicinity of opposite member of species. Chiefly ornamental, probably the most powerful seducing agent known."

"It is illegal to own more than one specimen although a certain amount of exchange is permissible."—U.P.I.

It's A New Delicacy: Smoked Hippo Meat
Kampala. A NEW delicacy—smoked hippo meat—will soon be appearing on Uganda tables in an attempt to get rid of 300 two-ton corpses delict.

The victims will be hippos from the shores of Lake Edward in the Queen Elizabeth National Park, where hippos herd 14,000 strong, are destroying the countryside and turning the shooting is strictly prohibited in the park, but the hippos are

swarming like rabbits. Each night they trek miles inland, spreading devastation into the home ground of elephant, buffalo and buck.

Some of the bodies will be delivered to scientists who are studying the breeding habits of hippos. Others will go to veterinary and virus research laboratories. The local tribesmen will be appeased by gifts of as much fresh hippo meat as they can swallow and the rest will be smoked for sale. Those who enjoyed whatevver during the war would like it.—U.P.I.

Eroded Areas
To decide just how much damage is due to hippos and how much to other game the park authorities have decided to slaughter all the hippos in two of the worst eroded areas. Guards will then prevent any more hippos from invading these areas, although other game will be allowed in.

If erosion ceases and the grazing recovers, the hippos will be proved guilty and a drastic thinning of the rest of the herd will be begun. This will ring the death knell of another six or seven thousand.

"Operation Hippopot" is proposed and directed by American zoologist Dr W. M. Longhurst, who is studying Uganda's game problems on a Fulbright scholarship. It has caused bitter controversy in the National Parks hierarchy. Between those who hold that wild life is sacred within the park boundary and those who believe in restoring the balance of nature with a helping bullet.

Parks director Rene Bere plans to keep the slaughter as discreet as possible. "There must be no publicity," he says. "Visitors will be excluded from the killing grounds. Photographers of any sort will be expressly banned."

Even if he succeeds in clamping an iron curtain round the killing, however, he will still be

TROUBLE WITH WHAT SHE DIDN'T WEAR
Allerton. TOWN Councillor Sally Jackson, is in trouble for what she doesn't wear.

In fact the town clerk is going to have a little talk with her about it.

The trouble is that 25-year-old Sally refuses to wear the blue robes trimmed with brown fur which aldermen and councillors wear at council meetings.

She said that, "I believe councillors should be the same as other citizens. That outfit is just dressing up—like little boys wearing cowboy suits."—U.P.I.

Gold And Pictures

London. The sentence was nine months in gaol.

Mr Gulland, a bachelor, had lived alone, except for the servants, since his mother died several months ago.

His valet said, "He is indisposed and cannot see anyone."

Bearded Mr Gulland was sitting in the back seat of an old black car, parked outside the front door.

Handle With Care: They're Explosive!
London. THE college magazine of Southwest Technical College printed the following chemical analysis of a substance it identified only as "woman".

"Thought to be a member of human race. Accepted at 120 pounds although known isotopes vary from 80 to 125.25 pounds."

Extremely Active
"Seldom found in natural state. Surface usually coated with solution of paint. Low boiling temperature and freezing point varies. Is highly explosive and dangerous except in qualified hands."

"Extremely active when in vicinity of opposite member of species. Chiefly ornamental, probably the most powerful seducing agent known."

"It is illegal to own more than one specimen although a certain amount of exchange is permissible."—U.P.I.

It's A New Delicacy: Smoked Hippo Meat
Kampala. A NEW delicacy—smoked hippo meat—will soon be appearing on Uganda tables in an attempt to get rid of 300 two-ton corpses delict.

The victims will be hippos from the shores of Lake Edward in the Queen Elizabeth National Park, where hippos herd 14,000 strong, are destroying the countryside and turning the shooting is strictly prohibited in the park, but the hippos are

swarming like rabbits. Each night they trek miles inland, spreading devastation into the home ground of elephant, buffalo and buck.

Some of the bodies will be delivered to scientists who are studying the breeding habits of hippos. Others will go to veterinary and virus research laboratories. The local tribesmen will be appeased by gifts of as much fresh hippo meat as they can swallow and the rest will be smoked for sale. Those who enjoyed whatevver during the war would like it.—U.P.I.

Eroded Areas
To decide just how much damage is due to hippos and how much to other game the park authorities have decided to slaughter all the hippos in two of the worst eroded areas. Guards will then prevent any more hippos from invading these areas, although other game will be allowed in.

If erosion ceases and the grazing recovers, the hippos will be proved guilty and a drastic thinning of the rest of the herd will be begun. This will ring the death knell of another six or seven thousand.

"Operation Hippopot" is proposed and directed by American zoologist Dr W. M. Longhurst, who is studying Uganda's game problems on a Fulbright scholarship. It has caused bitter controversy in the National Parks hierarchy. Between those who hold that wild life is sacred within the park boundary and those who believe in restoring the balance of nature with a helping bullet.

Parks director Rene Bere plans to keep the slaughter as discreet as possible. "There must be no publicity," he says. "Visitors will be excluded from the killing grounds. Photographers of any sort will be expressly banned."

Even if he succeeds in clamping an iron curtain round the killing, however, he will still be

TROUBLE WITH WHAT SHE DIDN'T WEAR
Allerton. TOWN Councillor Sally Jackson, is in trouble for what she doesn't wear.

In fact the town clerk is going to have a little talk with her about it.

The trouble is that 25-year-old Sally refuses to wear the blue robes trimmed with brown fur which aldermen and councillors wear at council meetings.

She said that, "I believe councillors should be the same as other citizens. That outfit is just dressing up—like little boys wearing cowboy suits."—U.P.I.

Gold And Pictures

London. The sentence was nine months in gaol.

Mr Gulland, a bachelor, had lived alone, except for the servants, since his mother died several months ago.

His valet said, "He is indisposed and cannot see anyone."

Bearded Mr Gulland was sitting in the back seat of an old black car, parked outside the front door.

Handle With Care: They're Explosive!
London. THE college magazine of Southwest Technical College printed the following chemical analysis of a substance it identified only as "woman".

"Thought to be a member of human race. Accepted at 120 pounds although known isotopes vary from 80 to 125.25 pounds."

Extremely Active
"Seldom found in natural state. Surface usually coated with solution of paint. Low boiling temperature and freezing point varies. Is highly explosive and dangerous except in qualified hands."

"Extremely active when in vicinity of opposite member of species. Chiefly ornamental, probably the most powerful seducing agent known."

"It is illegal to own more than one specimen although a certain amount of exchange is permissible."—U.P.I.

It's A New Delicacy: Smoked Hippo Meat
Kampala. A NEW delicacy—smoked hippo meat—will soon be appearing on Uganda tables in an attempt to get rid of 300 two-ton corpses delict.

The victims will be hippos from the shores of Lake Edward in the Queen Elizabeth National Park, where hippos herd 14,000 strong, are destroying the countryside and turning the shooting is strictly prohibited in the park, but the hippos are

swarming like rabbits. Each night they trek miles inland, spreading devastation into the home ground of elephant, buffalo and buck.

Some of the bodies will be delivered to scientists who are studying the breeding habits of hippos. Others will go to veterinary and virus research laboratories. The local tribesmen will be appeased by gifts of as much fresh hippo meat as they can swallow and the rest will be smoked for sale. Those who enjoyed whatevver during the war would like it.—U.P.I.

Eroded Areas
To decide just how much damage is due to hippos and how much to other game the park authorities have decided to slaughter all the hippos in two of the worst eroded areas. Guards will then prevent any more hippos from invading these areas, although other game will be allowed in.

If erosion ceases and the grazing recovers, the hippos will be proved guilty and a drastic thinning of the rest of the herd will be begun. This will ring the death knell of another six or seven thousand.

"Operation Hippopot" is proposed and directed by American zoologist Dr W. M. Longhurst, who is studying Uganda's game problems on a Fulbright scholarship. It has caused bitter controversy in the National Parks hierarchy. Between those who hold that wild life is sacred within the park boundary and those who believe in restoring the balance of nature with a helping bullet.

Parks director Rene Bere plans to keep the slaughter as discreet as possible. "There must be no publicity," he says. "Visitors will be excluded from the killing grounds. Photographers of any sort will be expressly banned."

Even if he succeeds in clamping an iron curtain round the killing, however, he will still be

TROUBLE WITH WHAT SHE DIDN'T WEAR
Allerton. TOWN Councillor Sally Jackson, is in trouble for what she doesn't wear.

In fact the town clerk is going to have a little talk with her about it.

The trouble is that 25-year-old Sally refuses to wear the blue robes trimmed with brown fur which aldermen and councillors wear at council meetings.

She said that, "I believe councillors should be the same as other citizens. That outfit is just dressing up—like little boys wearing cowboy suits."—U.P.I.

Gold And Pictures

London. The sentence was nine months in gaol.

Mr Gulland, a bachelor, had lived alone, except for the servants, since his mother died several months ago.

His valet said, "He is indisposed and cannot see anyone."

Bearded Mr Gulland was sitting in the back seat of an old black car, parked outside the front door.

Handle With Care: They're Explosive!
London. THE college magazine of Southwest Technical College printed the following chemical analysis of a substance it identified only as "woman".

"Thought to be a member of human race. Accepted at 120 pounds although known isotopes vary from 80 to 125.25 pounds."

Extremely Active
"Seldom found in natural state. Surface usually coated with solution of paint. Low boiling temperature and freezing point varies. Is highly explosive and dangerous except in qualified hands."

"Extremely active when in vicinity of opposite member of species. Chiefly ornamental, probably the most powerful seducing agent known."

"It is illegal to own more than one specimen although a certain amount of exchange is permissible."—U.P.I.

It's A New Delicacy: Smoked Hippo Meat
Kampala. A NEW delicacy—smoked hippo meat—will soon be appearing on Uganda tables in an attempt to get rid of 300 two-ton corpses delict.

The victims will be hippos from the shores of Lake Edward in the Queen Elizabeth National Park, where hippos herd 14,000 strong, are destroying the countryside and turning the shooting is strictly prohibited in the park, but the hippos are

swarming like rabbits. Each night they trek miles inland, spreading devastation into the home ground of elephant, buffalo and buck.

Some of the bodies will be delivered to scientists who are studying the breeding habits of hippos. Others will go to veterinary and virus research laboratories. The local tribesmen will be appeased by gifts of as much fresh hippo meat as they can swallow and the rest will be smoked for sale. Those who enjoyed whatevver during the war would like it.—U.P.I.

Eroded Areas
To decide just how much damage is due to hippos and how much to other game the park authorities have decided to slaughter all the hippos in two of the worst eroded areas. Guards will then prevent any more hippos from invading these areas, although other game will be allowed in.

If erosion ceases and the grazing recovers, the hippos will be proved guilty and a drastic thinning of the rest of the herd will be begun. This will ring the death knell of another six or seven thousand.

"Operation Hippopot" is proposed and directed by American zoologist Dr W. M. Longhurst, who is studying Uganda's game problems on a Fulbright scholarship. It has caused bitter controversy in the National Parks hierarchy. Between those who hold that wild life is sacred within the park boundary and those who believe in restoring the balance of nature with a helping bullet.

Parks director Rene Bere plans to keep the slaughter as discreet as possible. "There must be no publicity," he says. "Visitors will be excluded from the killing grounds. Photographers of any sort will be expressly banned."

Even if he succeeds in clamping an iron curtain round the killing, however, he will still be

TROUBLE WITH WHAT SHE DIDN'T WEAR
Allerton. TOWN Councillor Sally Jackson, is in trouble for what she doesn't wear.

In fact the town clerk is going to have a little talk with her about it.

The trouble is that 25-year-old Sally refuses to wear the blue robes trimmed with brown fur which aldermen and councillors wear at council meetings.

She said that, "I believe councillors should be the same as other citizens. That outfit is just dressing up—like little boys wearing cowboy suits."—U.P.I.

A Real African Camel For Mountain Hermit

Rome. HIGH up on mountain near the northern Italian town of Piacenza a hermit named Giuseppe Ceruti lives in an abandoned quarry. A little while ago he was incautious enough to say that his one desire in life was to possess a real African camel.

Ceruti is a 42-year-old ex-Alpine trooper who has retired into seclusion to study the Bible. He says he knows now the book almost by heart and can recite tracts and psalms from memory.

A few hours a day, Ceruti tills a small piece of land that was given to him by his relations in the district. For the remainder of the day he wanders around the mountain teaching the isolated mountain families the Bible.

He said he would like the camel for his travels around the steep mountain passes and mentioned it to a friend at Piacenza, Renato Caminatti. A local chemist.

Caminatti thought about Ceruti's wish and opened a fund among his friends to raise the money to buy the camel. The fund now stands at 5,000 lire (US\$80).

No one knows what a camel really costs but it was figured in the vicinity of 150,000 lire (US\$240) plus transport if there is not a spare one in some Italian zoo.

When Ceruti learned about the collection he protested. "I don't really need a camel," he laughed. "It would be nice to have one. But I think the money should be used for buying Bibles for those who cannot afford them."

But the issue has become bigger than the hermit. The people of the area insist on giving him a camel.

"Most of us gave money for the camel because many of us have never seen one. It's our only chance," they said.

So, sooner or later, Ceruti is going to have a real African camel.—U.P.I.

A Swimming Pool in Their Courtyard!

This is what happened when 10 1/2 inches of rain fell on New York City in 24 hours recently. This city experienced the worst floods in living memory, and at one place the water was 30 feet deep.

Twelve people died, some in the ruins of collapsed houses—some by electrocution—some by drowning as the floods swept them into the sea. The worst of the damage was done in the city of New York, where the floods were 30 feet deep.

Credit Squeeze In A.D. 300

Worthing. THERE was a credit squeeze in the year A.D. 300. Evidence to prove it has been uncovered by a workman digging a trench in Mill Road, Worthing.

Nearly 600, down Corporation employee Henry Hayes struck a pot with his shovel.

He called the foreman. Together, gently, they uncovered the pot. And out fell about 1,000 small bronze coins, each about the size of a half-penny.

Along to Worthing Museum went Henry. The coins were declared to be of the A.D. 300-400 period.

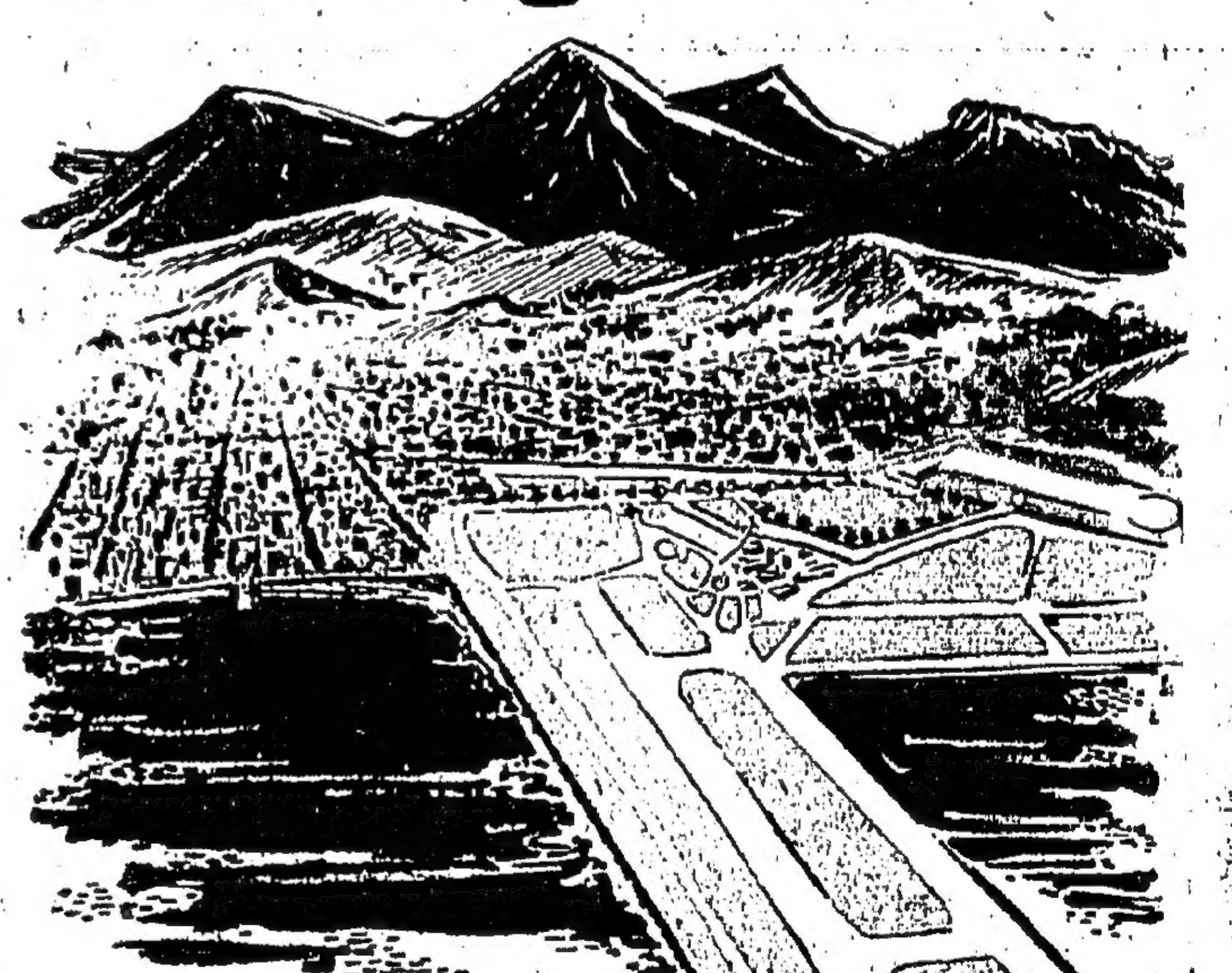
COPIES MADE
But the coins are not original Roman coins of the period.

Says Mr Gordon Lewis, a museum official: "During that period Britain was cut off from Rome on several occasions."

"As a matter of necessity, copies of Roman coins were made in this country because not enough of the originals were available. Most of these are copies."

"It was a legal way round an unavoidable credit squeeze."

Thinking ahead...



New runways today for new and bigger jet aircraft tomorrow. Bigger aircraft mean bigger passenger loads. Jardine's Airways Department will handle the greater part of this traffic. Jardine's, the most experienced air travel organization in the Colony, face these developments with confidence. Why not let us take care of your travel arrangements; make a note of our new telephone numbers now, or call at Alexandra House

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: The British Grand Prix held at Silverstone, England, recently was won by Britain's Peter Collins, driving a Ferrari. Collins was pictured, right, after his victory, with Mike Hawthorn, who came second. Collins, 26, averaged 102.05 m.p.h. in the 225-mile race.



★
ABOVE RIGHT: British film actress Carol Lesley seen at the London premiere of the new Danny Kaye film "Merry Andrew".



★
LEFT: Indian film actor Indro Sen Johar, one of his country's top stars, is pictured here in London recently. He came to London for the premiere of his first foreign film: "Harry Black".



★
QUEEN Elizabeth, who was suffering from sinusitis recently, is to have a break of more than six weeks almost free from public engagements. Recently the royal doctor, Lord Evans (above) visited Buckingham Palace.



★
ABOVE: Princess Margaret, at present on an official visit to Canada, recently had a brief rest from the duties of her tour when she stayed at Summergrove Farm. At the farm she swam in Lake Okanagan, sun-bathed and took trips in a cabin cruiser on the lake. She is seen going off on a boat trip on the lake.

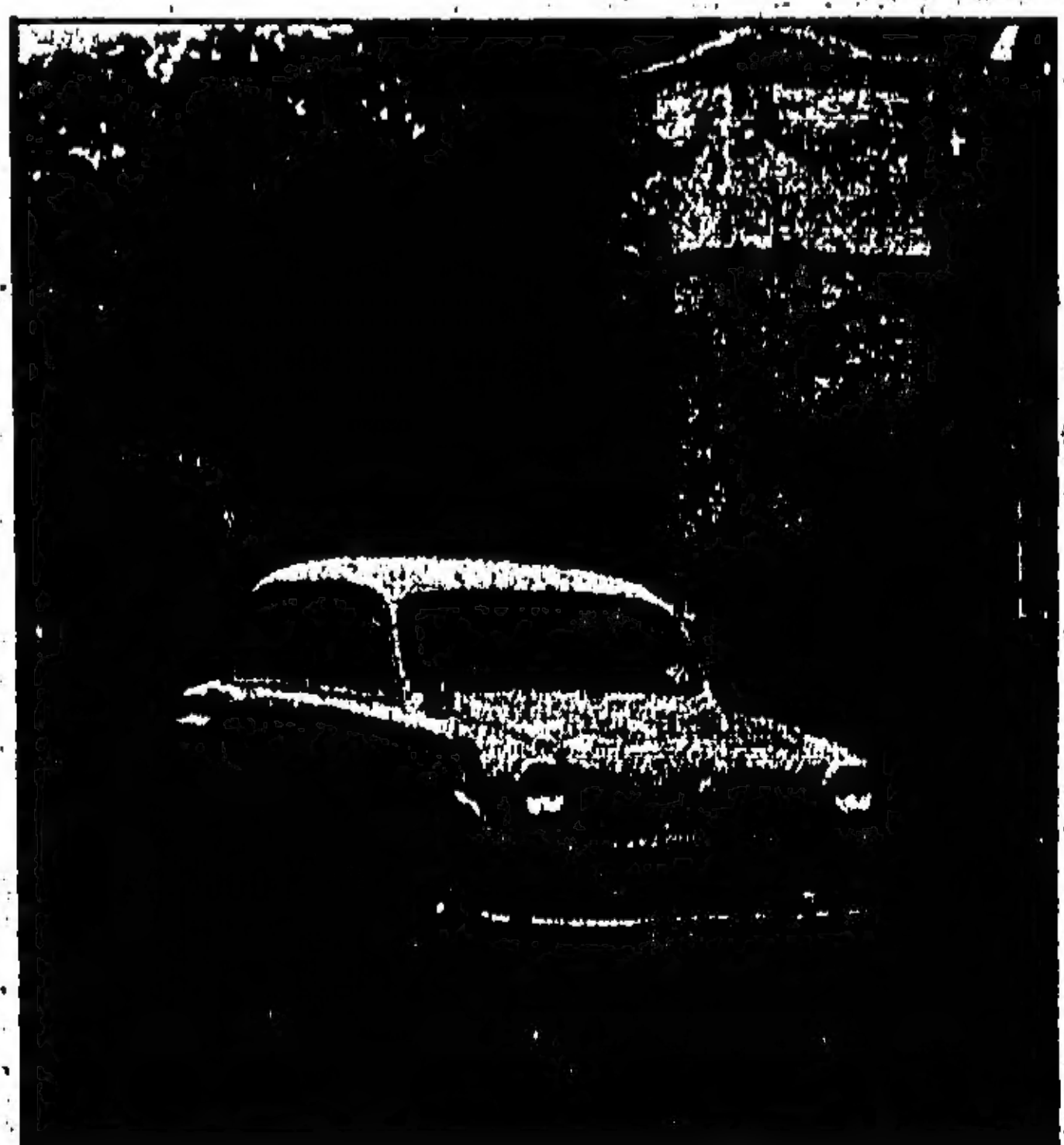


★
RIGHT: The first of the British women and children to be evacuated from Baghdad arrived in Britain recently. One of the children is pictured crying as he falls after leaving the coach at Hendon Airport.

★
BELOW: A smile for Prince Philip from a Nigerian competitor during his visit at the end of the Empire Games in Cardiff.



★
ABOVE: Holders of the Victoria Cross and the George Cross—Britain's highest awards for military and civilian valour respectively—met recently in London for their first-awards dinner together. Pictured are from left, William Speakman, V.C., who won his decoration in Korea; Mrs Odette Hallows, G.C., and Clive Hulme, V.C.



★
RIGHT: A view of some of the police who recently surrounded Stanwell Place, the mansion near London where the late King Faisal of Iraq stayed when visiting England. Reason for the police guard: a list was being made of Faisal's treasures.

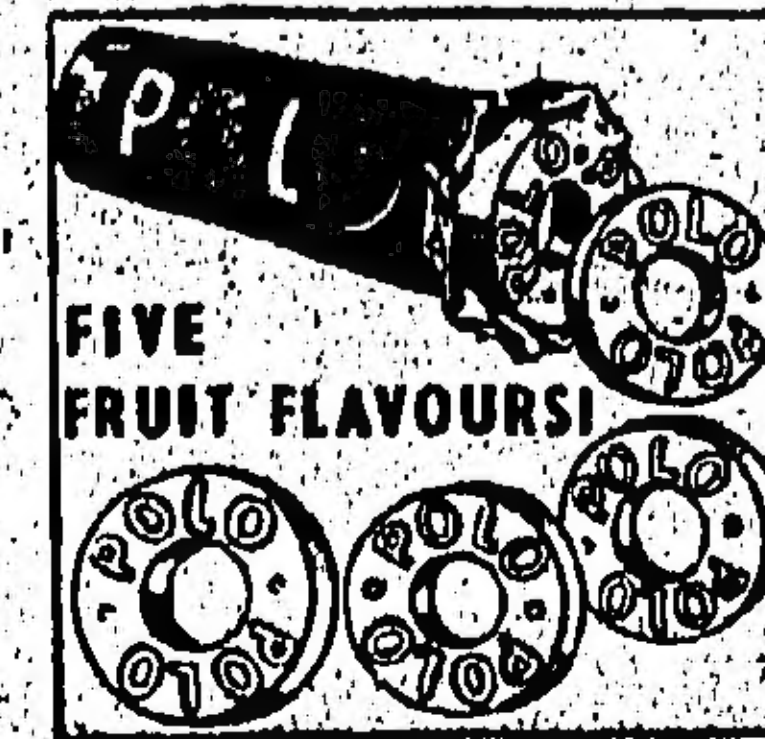
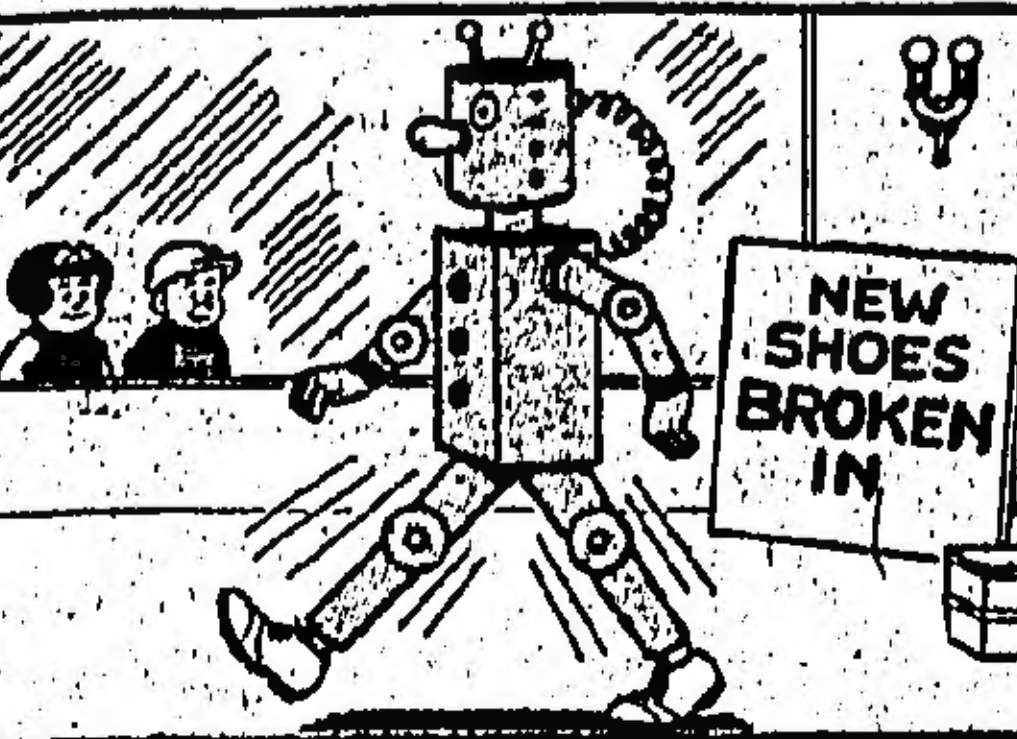


★
REHEARSING their clown act for the forthcoming "Night of a Hundred Stars" all-star London charity show are Vivien Leigh, left, and John Mills. Absent from the picture is the third member of the "clown" trio: actor Sir Laurence Olivier, Miss Leigh's husband.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



BY-ME: Bye-and-by, or any future time or occasion; after, afterwards; again. All these meanings are given by Leland. Postscript: Comments, criticism and correction are welcome in this column and I am always delighted to hear from readers. One race-going reader reminded me the other day that a pony in its first year in Hongkong is called a *griffin*. This was also Peking-usage. Another reader wrote to me about pidgin loan-words in Cantonese. I give you Hongkong's word—you give me yours.

CANDARIN: An old coin once known in Hongkong and equal to one penny or one Chinese fan according to Leland. Hobson-Jobson says that it is derived from the Malay word *kandari*. In fact most of the English and Portuguese names for Chinese traditional weights, measures and currency are of Malay or Javanese origin. The candarin weighed one-hundredth of the Javanese origin. The candarin was also called *tahil*. Fryer (1873) gives the following table of Chinese weights. It will be noted that not one of these weights is given its Chinese name. All, in fact, carry the English equivalents of the terms used in the Malay-Portuguese language. Thus, 1 Catty is 16 Taels. 1 Tael (Taie) is 10 Mace. 1 Mace in Silver is 10 Quans. 1 Quian is 10 Cash. 733 Cash make 1 Royal. 1 grain English Weight is 2 Cash. This table was printed in Hobson-Jobson. In that most valuable reference work an extract from A. Nunes (1854) has it that "in Malacca the weight used for gold, mace, &c. the catty, contains 216 taels, each tael 16 maces, each mace 20 candarins; also 1 paul 4 maces and each mace 4 candarins; Cocks, the Englishman, who has given us a few vivid snap-shots of early Macao is also quoted (1615): "We bought 5 greater square postes of the King's master carpenter; cost 2 mace 6 candarins per piece." The Portuguese name is *candarin*, and in the eighteenth century *ao men chi lueh* or *casier* of Macao, which means, we have, opposite the rubric fan, three characters which, read in the Cantonese fashion, are *king tel lu*, which is an attempt to represent the pronunciation for Chinese customs officers and others.

CASION: A synonym of occasion with the same meaning of that of reason, "cause." The following example of its use is printed by Leland. You no cation makee so fashion.

INSIDE: Inside her heart, inside her mind are two of Leland's Pidgin phrases for "secretly in his mind," to himself, "reserved." Others uses illustrated by Leland include "You belong smart inside," you are intelligent. He also reports that "a Chinese on being shown the picture of a locomotive at once remarked, 'Hab got too much plenty all-same inside.' We have many such expressions are direct translations from the Chinese.

HWAMEI: *Trochilopteron canorum canorum*, a singing bird also noted for its ability as a fighter. Herkules in Hong Kong Birds, 3rd impression, 1954, says that its name means beautiful eyebrows.

IN SHOH: An English loan-word in Hongkong Cantonese. It means insurance.

IRON FACE: Old Pidgin for stern, obdurate, cruel or severe according to Leland. It is the Cantonese *Tet Min*.

JOSS: This word can mean a god, an idol, or luck. It is used to form compounds such as *joss-house*, temple, church, *joss-house-man*, parson, *joss-pidgin*, religion, *joss-pidgin-man*, bonze, priest, clergyman. The word seems to be Portuguese in origin. It is *Deus* or dialectal *Dios* God, and is believed to have carried to the China coast from Bantu or Malay where Portuguese dialect survived until recently and where Portuguese had a marked influence on the lexicon of several local languages. The Javanese equivalent is *deja* which was borrowed by the Dutch as *jossie*.

JUNK: Used to describe many kinds of large Chinese boats of traditional construction. The name appears under forms but it is probably related to Javanese *jonk* and Malay *adong*. The earlier English forms are indirect borrowings through other European languages. Eden (1855), for example, in a translation from the Italian, writes of *galleys*.

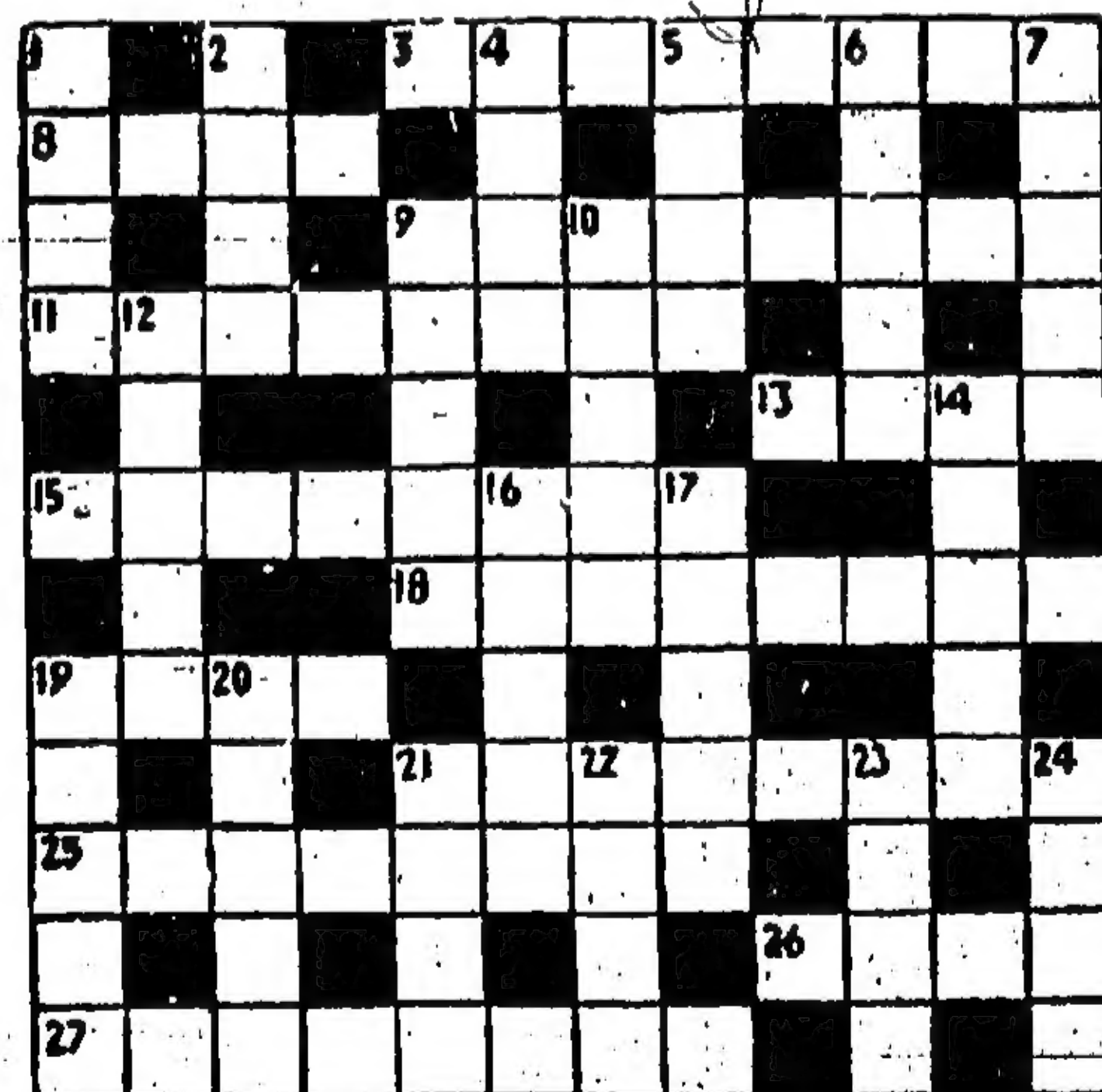
K'ATAT PIN: Visiting card in Hongkong Cantonese. *Kado* (or *cardo*) means card (especially playing-card) in Pidgin.

KA FE: Coffee. A loan-word from Portuguese? Many western languages "borrowed" this word from Arabic where it means drink.

KA FE KOON: Is often used in Hongkong for Cafe.

KA LEI: This is the Tamil kari borrowed in Hongkong by Cantonese-speakers via English curry.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Reflected (8).
 - Military assistant (4).
 - Taking exercise in the main? (3).
 - Oriental whose rights were entertaining (8).
 - It's a sin (4).
 - Visit often (8).
 - For night travelers (8).
 - A spirit plant (4).
 - Allments (5).
 - Quite obvious (8).
 - Joy in the air (4).
 - Generalship (8).
- DOWN**
- O mein? (4).
 - Original suggestion (4).
 - One of the U.S.A. (4).
 - Batters, perhaps (4).
 - Be a monarch (5).
 - Canine (5).
 - A nasal cavity (5).
 - Vacuous (5).
 - Comparatively uncommon (5).
 - Literary work (5).
 - But not Doris! (5).
 - Two-way principle (5).
 - Heard a lot (5).
 - A cut above the ordinary (5).
 - Oh, bother! (4).
 - Nice and comfortable (4).
 - Fish often tinned (4).
 - Get rid of a load? (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD. Across:—1 Chance, 4 Pumps, 7 Entrance, 8 Capital, 9 Motor, 11 Pushing, 13 Profile, 15 Editor, 16 Nurse, 18 A-version, 20 Hunk, 21 E-ketch. Down:—1 Cheon, 2 Nurse, 3 Ecco-a-pot, 4 Pices, 5 Misprint, 6 Sliding, 10 Two heads, 12 Use-less, 13 Paris-4, 14 Icons, 16 Issue, 17 Ranch.

Another Short Story by a Hongkong Writer Katherine The Great

KATHERINE hesitated with her hand pressed soulfully against my door-panel as I tried, without too much violence, to open it for her going. "Well, goodnight, Kathy," I murmured, and then, hypocritically, "Sorry we've got to break this up. But I had promised —"

Katherine half-turned, and with an anguished Giselle look, carefully took my hand from the door-knob. "Parting is such sweet sorrow," she moaned. "It is that, dear," I agreed, "but I did promise." Two large tears formed in her doe-like eyes. With a gesture of eternal forgiveness she handed back to me a box of comshaw chocolates which she had casually fished from my sideboard. As I raised my eyebrows questioningly she dropped her shoulders dejectedly, clasped her hands like a praying mantis, and commented, "Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind," and the tears began their journey.

I kept quite calm. Glin and sympathy and an imminent typhoon (meteorological) always affected her this way. I knew the signs. I knew the sequel. I knew my duty. So, with an understanding, brotherly smile I took her gently by the shoulders, pulled her away from the door, and purred, "Now be a good girl." By the time she'd thought out a Shakespeare tag-line I'd got the door open and had manoeuvred her out through the gap. This was the crisis, I knew and so well. She leaned on me, said in a low, husky voice, "Why are you so unbelievably cruel?" she wailed, "Jimmy, why are you?" and broke into a Carmen fit of coughing.

I didn't see why she should hog the quotations, so I patting her in the obvious place, said, rather plausibly, "Cruel to be kind, my dear," and looked high into my own eyes. It worked as, of course, I knew it would. You could see her taking the bit in her teeth, you could almost feel her inner nature asserting itself. "I'm a beast," Goodnight, Jimmy," she said in ringing tones, beckoned me imperiously back, and strode away with alcoholic deliberation.

Let me put you in the picture. I am a bachelor, reasonably young, reasonably alive, reasonably well-fixed as regards dollars & cents. Not for me the bacchanalian excesses of clubland where the pipes of a tennis racket, I am, I insist, a lamb in wolf's clothing. And Katherine? You do well to ask. She is essentially young, does on the Bards, only those who refuse to admit her allure has a gaucheerie which is quite alluring, and cries in her drink. Does that help clarify the situation? It does? Good.

Now I had planned this particular evening a quiet Hongkong bachelor retreat from the cares of this stupid world. This Kathy interlude, you may think, was a fair start. After her dramatic departure I closed the door softly, turned the key, favoured chair, not forgetting to collect bottle, glass, book, and cigarettes on the way. The gods roared with laughter and the telephone clanged like a fire alarm. I looked at the monstrous instrument, that diabolic invention, and said, more in panic than in anger, "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions!" and felt I'd levelled the score with dear Katherine. With the telephone so insistent, this was a moment of destiny. Was I to be IN or OUT? I decided IN, lifted the receiver, growled, "Roberts," and waited.

A mellifluous, utterly feminine voice at the other end said, "Put down that Ming vase, Stephen, or I'll scream for the Police."

"Hello, Margaret," this, without hesitation, from me, and "Hello, Jimmy," from her, without a tremor, and then straight into her play. "Jimmy," she cooed, "Stephen and I wondered if you could come to dinner tonight. Of course, it's awfully short notice, but it is one of those immemorial affairs, and it's mostly people you know, and there is one girl —". I had already counted ten and breathed heavily.

"Margaret," I articulated, and my restraint was, I hope, obvious, "someone has let you down, you're an odd number. I'm an unattached bachelor with an eye for a prissy girl, so spare me the hoho and tell me what time." She had the grace, rare indeed hereabouts, to sound a little embarrassed. "Eight o'clock. You're awfully good. Don't dress," she cautioned. "What is it?" I queried with Gilbertian bite which never seems to register, "a midday party?" She giggled, divinely, "Oh, Jimmy," and

By George Ramage

I drifted away casually, and bumped into Stephen. Now he's not too bad, really. He's one of the many husbands being groomed for stardom by their wives. Doing the right things, saying the right words, joining the right clubs. Sometimes, even, quite by mistake, meeting the Right People, whatever that means. Occasionally, by accident, meeting Me. As now. He threw back his handsome shoulders with a toothy grin and offered me a drink. He has his moments.

Margaret called up, informed me graciously that I was forgiven, and straightened Stephen's tie with widely solicited. "Come and meet your new girl friend," she ordered, and tucked my left arm under her right elbow. Clamped in an effective grip, I tagged along.

We left Hieronimo's hideaway and crossed the hall to the main living-room. Now this has to be seen to be believed. It's designed for "gracious living". It has three scarlet walls, one black. There are tricky bamboo lamps, a nostalgic cabinet of 'homestead' treasures, and a medley of the collected memories of Near Middle and Far East, backed by numerous pieces of genuine Birmingham Kaobah ware. It is, in fact, semi-baroque with a touch of pseudo-modern. The guests, including myself, harmonized skilfully with the decor. As I tripped over an elephant's foot which had, apparently, strolled casually into the centre of the floor, I was frozen in a zany arabesque pose by a shocked Yma Sumac yelp of "My dear good man, that!"

The situation was saved by Margaret's gay, trilling laugh in my left ear. I see the B.N.T. specialist tomorrow. Margaret's gay, trilling laugh has the decided quality of a Chinese opera song. She drew me away. "Do come and meet Her," she whispered salaciously. This mixture of high intrigue and What-the-Butler-Saw I found little heavy going, but — shame on it was — I did allow Margaret to crook her little finger in mine and lead me, with true Restoration shamelessness to my assignation.

Before me I could see what I took to be an American football huddle. It was, as Margaret gently briefed me, my fair lady surrounded by admirers. I looked at Margaret, Stephen's wife, the mother of four with

some hauteur. "I have a couple or three boxes to pick with you," I said, rather heavily. She looked alerted but not dismayed. "What are you drinking, Jimmy?" she asked, too sweetly. "Never mind what I'm drinking, you hussy," I snapped. "This is some party, as well you know. First you cajole me here to 'an impromptu affair' when the quite obvious it's a fully organized. She tried to interrupt but I shushed her with a Caesarian gesture. "Then I cope with a mumbo-jumbo scenario and Rupert the lion menace, and now I find that the poor little forlorn girl I was to caretake is swamped by an avalanche of males, innumerable, inarticulate. Talk yourself out of that, Dillith!" I stared at her rather stony. She looked back at me and was without words. "Well, speak up, lass," I snorted kindly, "this is a democracy." She was, I am pleased to say, thoroughly demoralised.

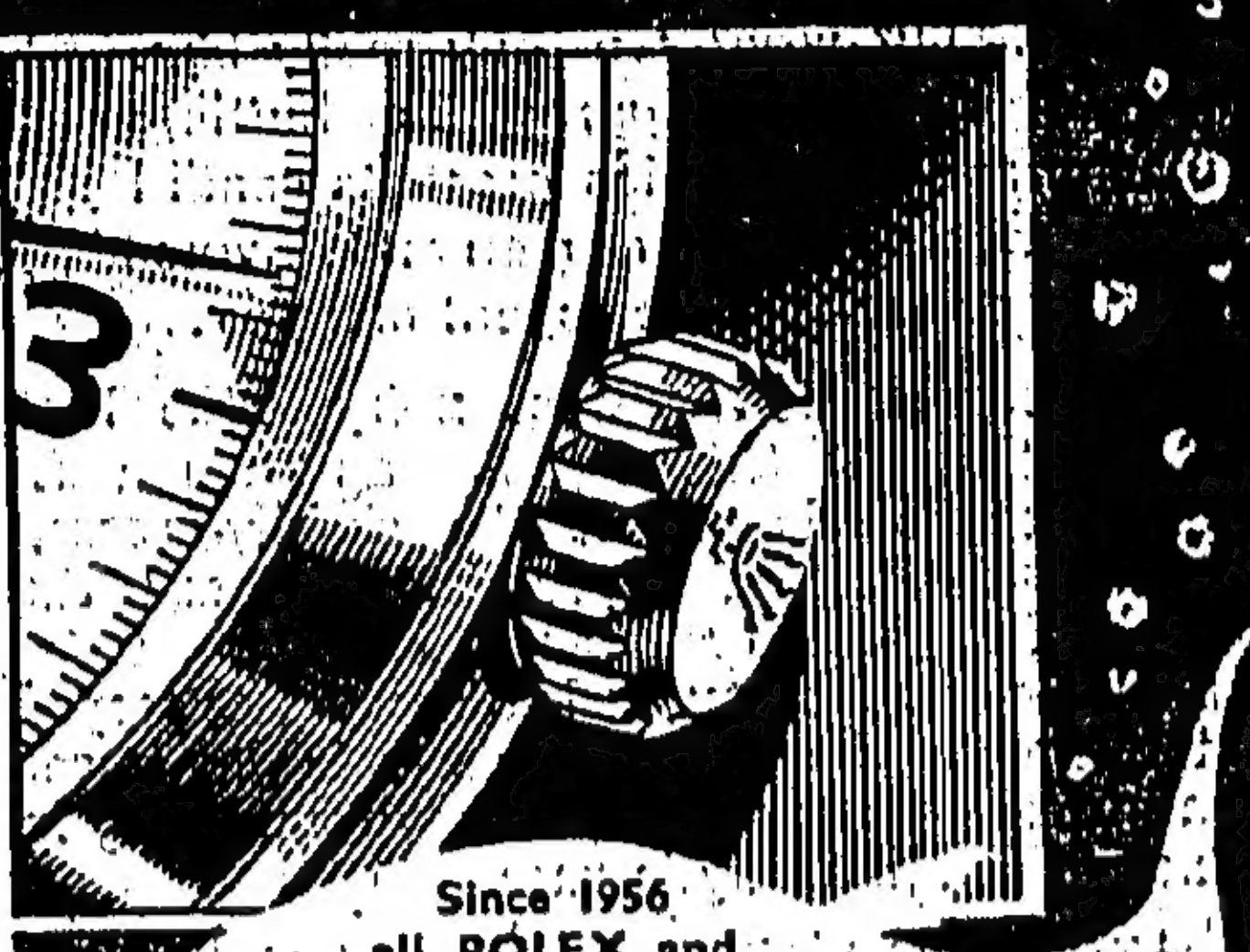
There's nothing I can do about Her at all," she moaned, and with an Academy Award gesture of defeat she migrated to the eastern wall of the room. There, indeed, was anger em murse. A battery of females with tight, jealous faces, and thin, angry lips sticking outwards and swirling their wedding rings. Inspiration came. "Tell me, dear," I asked, "are these the wives of the mob surrounding Her?" She nodded mutely. "Then all is forgiven, dear Margaret," I said. "My duty is clear. Five-four-three-two-one-zero-boom!"

And with that I cleaved my way through the throng around Her. I did wonder what she had that the others hadn't. I was soon to know, for as I broke the inner ranks I heard the voice declaiming, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" and there was Katherine, eyes closed ecstatically, bosom heaving, out of this prosaic world. I advanced, said conversationally to the rabble, "Back, dogs," and took Kathy by the arm. "Kathy," I said urgently, and her eyes flickered open. "Kathy," I repeated, "that was beautiful. I didn't know you cared. Let us depart and find further inspiration elsewhere." As the All-American footballers returned sheepishly to their squaws, I caught a glimpse of Margaret's tender, approving smile as Katherine clutched me possessively by the shoulder, and, pressing her nose against mine, pushed me inexorably backwards, downwards, muttering, "For this relief, much thanks!"

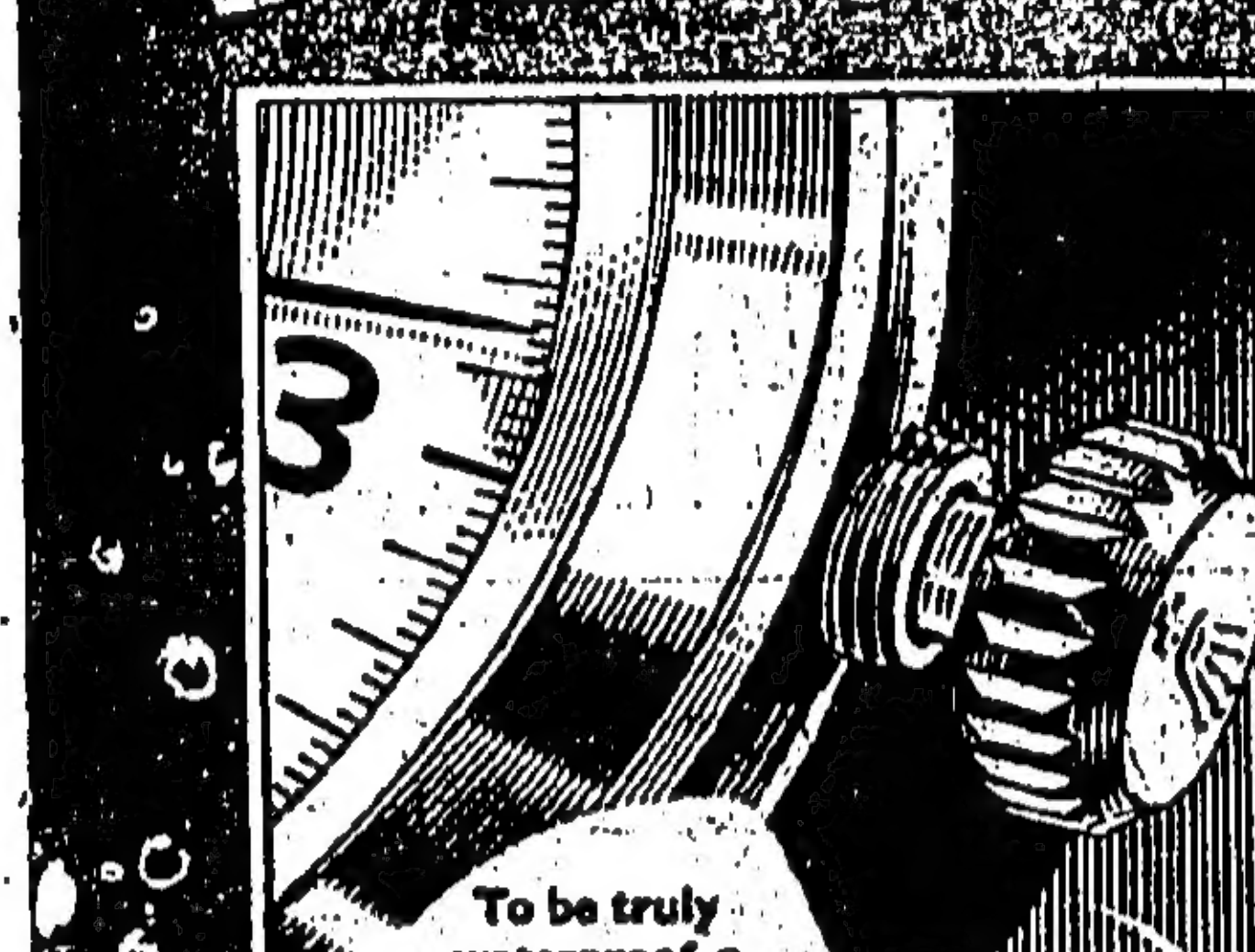


27 fathoms down

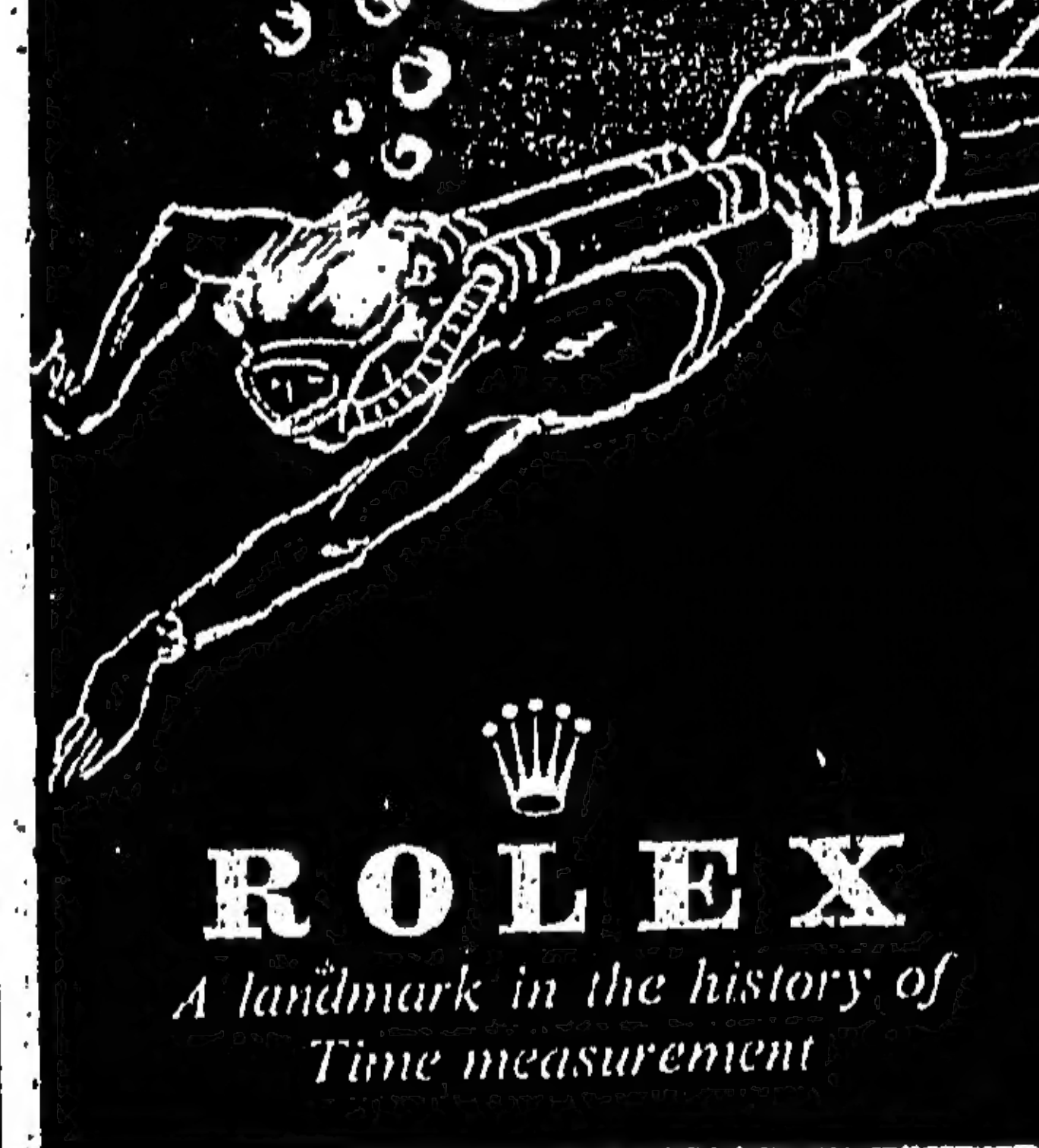
— and ROLEX Oyster still runs accurately as ever.



Since 1956 all ROLEX and Tudor Oyster cases equipped with Twinlock crown have been guaranteed waterproof to an underwater depth of 165 ft.



To be truly waterproof, a watch must have a screw-down crown. ROLEX are the world's only manufacturer of screw-down double safety Twinlock crown.



Let US handle YOUR PRINTING

Too many proofs mean time wasted. We grasp the point at the onset and ONE PROOF generally suffices. After that, our up-to-date automatic presses make short work of the job. Let us quote for your current requirements.

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST PRINTING DEPT.

For printing of every description Telephone: 20002

... WITH THE WORLD'S GREATEST RACING DRIVERS

(Continued from Page 6)

It was a lunatic game of "Lost Across the Road." For years the police had been helping. Choking children sat in gutters, their dust-stained feet inches from the wheels. To the drivers these towns were a very real nightmare, much worse than the hairpin bends with the precipitous drops up in the mountains.

To race furiously at a sea of faces, only half convinced that they would part in time, needed all a man's nerve.

But the crowds loved it. And to the winner came a strange prestige.

Black clouds

Portago flew to Milan to get his car. Because of booking difficulties Linda Christian travelled in another aircraft to Rome. The plan was that she should stay there until the day of the race and wait until Portago had passed. Then she would fly to Milan and wait for him to drive over from the finishing line.

And so came May 12... the day of the Mille Miglia. It was not an auspicious day. There were black clouds over the mountains. Above the plains, the rain and the sun chased each other. At one moment the roads were swilling with dust; the next, they were greasy and as treacherous as ice. Or half wet, half dry, forcing every driver to weary with concentration.

His flair

It was just about dawn when Portago's car—number 531—shot forward from the starting line at Brescia.

"Portago, Portago, Portago," his name was never off the commentator's lips. Against the best drivers in the world he was racing with astonishing flair. Linda Christian never left her radio. She had no reason to complain at lack of news of the marquis.

This is not a race, like Le Mans, where a man must get down to drive fast but within himself. Nothing but maximum speed counts.

At 130 miles an hour Stirling Moss had found himself with a broken-off brake pedal. Violently changing gear, he saved the life of himself and his passenger. Sheila Van Dam had crashed. And somewhere in the mountains ahead a Dutch driver was dying.

It was a tremendous battle all the way to Rome. Portago's team mate, Peter Collins, was skidding, sliding, twisting his

way through mountain roads and villages. Behind Collins, also in Ferrari, were von Trips and Taruffi.

Then came Portago... his hands never still on the steering wheel, before his eyes always the giddy blur of the dry stone walls that separated him from a headlong crash down a mountain-side.

Linda Christian rushed to the Rome control point. Excited Italian mechanics told her that Portago's Ferrari was challenging the leaders. Linda scribbled a note, giving his position. She added at the bottom in Spanish, "Te quiero mucho"—I love you deeply.

Portago came into the control so fast that even with his brakes full on he slid 50 yards beyond the markers.

The actress raced to his car. Her shoe strap snapped as she ran but stumbling she reached him. Portago, his face grimy with dust and fumes, blinked

Only 140 miles from the finish Portago's car was well to the front. Peter Collins had fallen out with transmission trouble. Now the marquis drove desperately. Taruffi, a grizzled 50-year-old Taruffi, now led the race. So little lay between Portago and the prize and his glory.

He was taking incredible, calculated chances.

Suddenly, round a narrow, twisting road, he would see a slower competitor, nose to tail they would slide, tyres scrubbing. Then wheels almost touching, the Ferrari would surge past.

Portago was driving superbly and madly, along a route littered with failure.

At Mantua, the very last check point, the marquis gulped a mouthful of orangeade and scrambled on his way. He was only 15 miles from the finish when he died.



HOW HE DIED: The wreckage of Portago's car after it had hit a knot of spectators near the end of the Mille Miglia. Before finishing in the ditch the car hit a telegraph pole and uprooted a milestone.

Linda Christian gave him a last note...

with astonishment. Even for his Latin blood this was a most unprofessional way to carry on.

Linda kissed him, clinging to him, and whispered desperately, "Please please give up."

Portago, deafened by his engine, shouted, "Don't worry, I'll see you in Milan."

His exhaust suddenly thundered. With his co-driver, white, shaken and silent beside him, he rocketed out of sight.

Now Linda Christian made a mad rush to the airport. She had to reach Milan and Portago's triumph. But before she left Rome she went into the church opposite her hotel. In front of an image of the Virgin she burned two candles for Portago's safety.

His order

But their turbulent love affair was dead while Linda Christian was flying to their rendezvous.

Portago had already swerved off the road three times. Between Florence and Bologna he poured a wheel on a kerb. At the next stop the mechanics insisted it was buckled and should be changed. But Portago screamed, "Leave it alone." He sped off again.

Driving flat out down a straight, dusty road between the orange trees, there was an explosion like a bomb. One of the tyres—the worn, paper-thin scrubbed tyres that Portago refused to wait seconds to have replaced—had burst. The crowds at the roadside were incapable of running.

At about 150 miles an hour the car lurched from side to side. No brakes, no steering wheel, nothing could save Portago, then, or the rag doll figure of his co-driver beside him. Through the crowd the Ferrari burst. It tumbled into a ditch, ricocheted out, almost lazily snapped a telegraph pole, bounced back into the middle of the road.

Already Portago and his passenger were dead. So were three spectators, but the mangled car with the black prancing horse painted on its side was still a blur of ruin and pain.

Its underside was grotesquely naked in the sunshine as it tumbled over and over into the terror-frozen spectators on the other side of the ditch. Eight more Italians sprawled and died before the wreck of the Ferrari came to rest.

Within minutes almost the whole of Italy knew. The frantic radio commentators wept as they repeated the story of the catastrophe.

There were a few people who did not know. They included the passengers of an aircraft flying to Milan.

The captain was trying to remember what the company had said about being attentive to passengers. Over and over he had told Linda Christian that reception was so bad that the radio operator could not hear the commentary.

At Milan the news was broken to her. She was told that Portago was injured. But her informant was unskilful. As she stood in the airport

foyer she heard him on the telephone shouting desperately: "I'm trying to tell her... I'm trying to tell her." Linda Christian knew.

Quietly she called a car and drove on the long winding journey through the mountain to that little town of death. Now the rain had set in. When she arrived the countryside was grey and weeping. There was nothing for her to say or to do. She just stood in the rain and stared.

The garishly fresh splinters of a telegraph post, the savage scars in the road, two huddled shivering carabinieri and... Portago's crumpled helmet.

The marquis shared his funeral with his victims. His mother was there. So was his American wife.

But Linda Christian stayed and wept in the room that he had booked for her in Milan. Then his body was taken to Madrid. This time Linda Chris-



THE STAR AND THE MARQUIS: Linda Christian dancing with Portago.

tian attended despite the protests of members of the marquis's family. She put red roses on his grave and, surrounded by hostility, murmured, "I promised to stay with him to the end."

There was one more humiliation for her to come.

In Paris a memorial service to Portago was held. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor attended, and so did most of those who respected the noble marquis, but Linda Christian was not invited.

Snubbed and desolate once again, she locked herself in her hotel, less than a mile away

It was all over. The man who found in one motor race a bitter and lonely challenge was dead.

The woman he had loved was cold-shouldered. A little Italian town had found itself poorer by the death of five children, and richer by 1,000,000 lire from the mother of the man who killed them.

And Piero Taruffi, the man who had won the 996-mile race

at an average speed of 94.8 miles an hour, hugged his wife close and said, "I will never race again."

But there was an odd compensation for the dead Spanish gallant.

The Italian Government decided that the race would never be held on that scale again. Now it is a puny restricted thing. Portago by his dying ensured that if he could not win, no one else would.

NEXT WEEK: The fear that froze Stirling Moss

The Castle On Disenchanted Hill

THE GATES ARE NOW OPEN ON THE RETREAT OF ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT OF CHARACTERS by Ronald Singleton

San Simeon.

ON the coast road between Los Angeles and San Francisco there stands a unique castle. It will open to trippers, sightseers, art lovers, and the curious.

The castle belonged to William Randolph Hearst (who died in 1951, aged 88), American newspaper publisher. They will clear the three-locked road never open to the public and the common man before. The castle cost 50,000,000 dollars, or as some insist, 300 million dollars. Now the Division of Parks and Beaches will charge two-dollars-a-time (children half price) to see the mountain-top retreat.

Time-tabled buses, seven days a week, will rumble up a five-mile drive to take 500 callers in batches of 80 to see a fantastic hodge-podge of priceless treasures, home-made Californian plaster and woodwork and antique gems.

I saw the castle at dawn the other day. Up till now the only way the public could see it was from two unrevealing ten-cent-in-the-slot telescopes at this Pacific coast village: four miles away.

The castle bulged with elegant guests, liveried servants, cooks, valets, and gardeners before the Hearst family decided to give it to the State of California.

As I walked up the road to the castle at 7.30 the dawn light caught the mellow blue mountains and bathed them. In the hardly earthly light of an early Californian morning.

Zebra cough

I was halted by a zebra which coughed a large cloud of breath and ambled away.

The zebras, gnus, deer, and elk were the only living beings on the road in the grounds. The vast mansion was empty except for a woman housekeeper who yearned for the golden days.

She moaned: "This was called 'La Cuesta Encantada'—The Enchanted Hill. Now to keep my job I have to pass a housekeeper's examination set by the Parks and Beaches. One question was 'How many feet will a pound of pastore cover?'"

She always longed for ghosts. The cold of the endless, dark, medieval rooms beckoned them, she said.

There are Persian tiles above Spanish jewel boxes, Greek urns with Italian monks' pews, relics of Welsh castles with Dutch painting, old English rooms built to fit Gothic ceilings, French tapestry with Californian plaster nymphs, and an ageless confession turned into a self-service lift.

Great days

The housekeeper longed for the great days of great guests: Winston Churchill, George Bernard Shaw, Calvin Coolidge.

The beauty of it all—the 38 bedrooms, 31 bathrooms, and 14 sitting rooms, the countless imported trees, the mosaics and tiles—lay in the artistic personality who had gathered these treasures and brought them to San Simeon's crude wooden pier, piece by piece.

Hearst camped here as a boy when nothing crowned this magnificent hill, with its 50 miles of seascapes and woodland view, but his flapping tent canvas.

When his father and he rounded off the borders of this family camp they had 275,000 acres. Now it is 80,000. But they do not bother to round up a stray zebra 12 miles away.

The housekeeper would not talk of visitors to the public. It was as though the charm of this stout castle, with its two towers of 46 carillon bells played by a

billiard-room keyboard, were better left to itself for ever.

The ghosts and the silence were shattered as 20 uniformed Division of Parks and Beaches guides trooped in. After a week's coaching their pronunciation of Greek and Roman names was still shaky, and each practised a lecture on the rest sprinkled with such warnings as "No, madam, your little boy is not allowed to pull those tapestry cords," and, softly, "No, madam, the mattress of Cardinal Richelieu's bed is not foam rubber."

A plane droned low over the glittering in the noonday sun like a Moorish shrine. In it was Bill Hearst, one of the great man's five living sons.

Why did the family give the castle to the Division of Parks and Beaches? As an art treasure, they say. Because taxes had become a monster, others sympathize.

The money

Prosperity will come to San Simeon village and a motel might replace the telescopes. The Division of Parks and Beaches hopes to make 7,000 dollars (\$2,500) a week from callers.

"Would Mr. Hearst have liked it?" "Most say" he would have liked it.

He might have written "the roadside warning callers see when they leave the Enchanted Hill: 'Fifteen miles an hour—carelessness will not be tolerated.'"

WEEKEND Friell

HANDS OFF BUMMAREES



"Iraqis, Lebanese—now Bummarees! We simply must have a Summit meeting soon!"



"One cappuccino in two hours. Write to Mr. Butler and ask him what he's going to do about it."



"Sorry, sir... working to rule. Absolutely no standing."

London Express Service

THE SYMBOL OF PRECISION

A unique novelty in the trade!

ANGELUS DATALARM

CALENDAR + ALARM

This is the new exclusive creation of ANGELUS designed to meet all needs.

It combines all the advantages and features of a first class waterproof calendar watch, with the usefulness of an alarm.

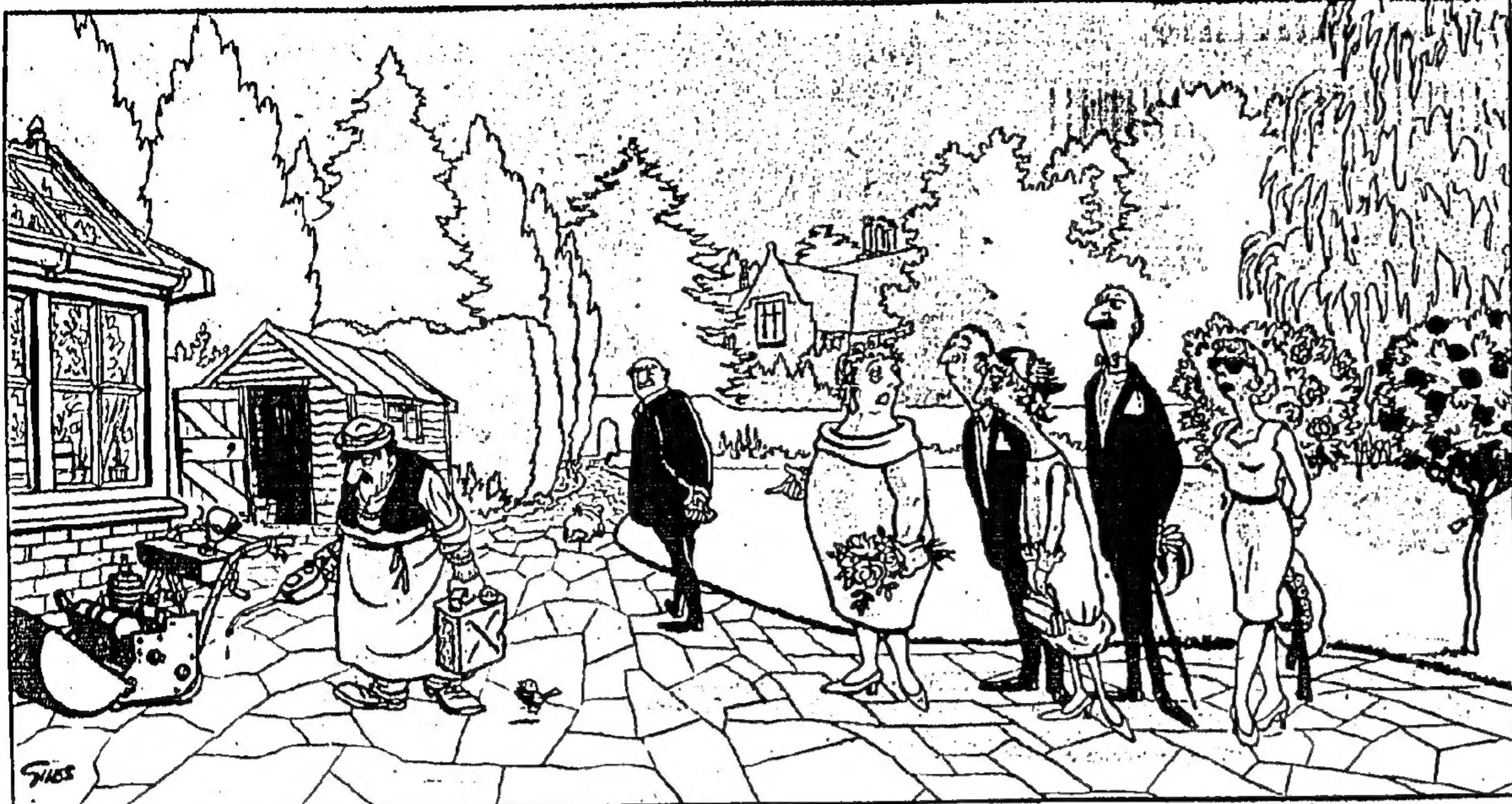
With **DATALARM** no more looking for the date, no more worrying about a date.

ANGELUS does not let you down. ANGELUS DATALARM means appointment with success.

Sole Agents: **LAP HENG CO., LTD.** Marine House, Hong Kong

Distributors:

BUDSON WATCH CO.	FOOK HING LOONG WATCH CO.	SHUI WAI WATCH CO.	YEE HING WATCH CO.	YEE CHEUNG WATCH CO.
SIN FAT KEE WATCH CO.	LAM YUEN FUNG WATCH CO.	LEE JIN KEE WATCH CO.	LEE ON WATCH CO.	HO KIM KEE WATCH CO.
ROUS D'OR WATCH CO.	YU YAT NEE CO.	BROADWAY WATCH CO.	TAI SENG WATCH CO.	



"William has a theory that the Americans want to blow up all the petrol in the Middle East so he has to buy his from Texas—but William always did have theories."

SECRET AGENT: III.

One Man Escaped "The Ten"

IN more than 30 years of contact with secret agents I cannot recall a spy who looked less like one than Colonel Nicolai Zabotin, Soviet Military Attache in Ottawa.

Tall, well-built, clean-shaven, with wavy fair hair, he was a typical Russian soldier bursting with good health. He had an almost constant smile, which showed his irregular teeth. It seemed to be an honest smile, but it was a mask for the brain of a cold, cynical, calculating chief of a spy-ring; a ring operating against Russia's allies in the war against Nazism.

It is pretty certain that he was smiling when he sat in his office at the Soviet Embassy—235 Charlotte Street, Ottawa—on the morning of August 6, 1945. The telegram he had just drafted gave him natural cause for pleasure. It read:

"To the Director,

Facts given by Alek: (1) The test of the atomic bomb was conducted in New Mexico, (with 49, 94-2397). The bomb dropped on Japan was made of Uranium 235. It is known that the output of Uranium 235 amounts to 400 grams daily at the magnetic separation plant at Clinton. The output of 452 is likely two times greater. Some graphite units are established planned for 250 megawatts, i.e. 250 grams each day. The scientific research work in this field is scheduled to be published, but without the technical details. The Americans already have a published book on this subject.

(2) Alek handed over to us a platinum with 102 micrograms of Uranium 235 in the form of oxide in a thin lamina. We have had no news about the matter.

Grant."

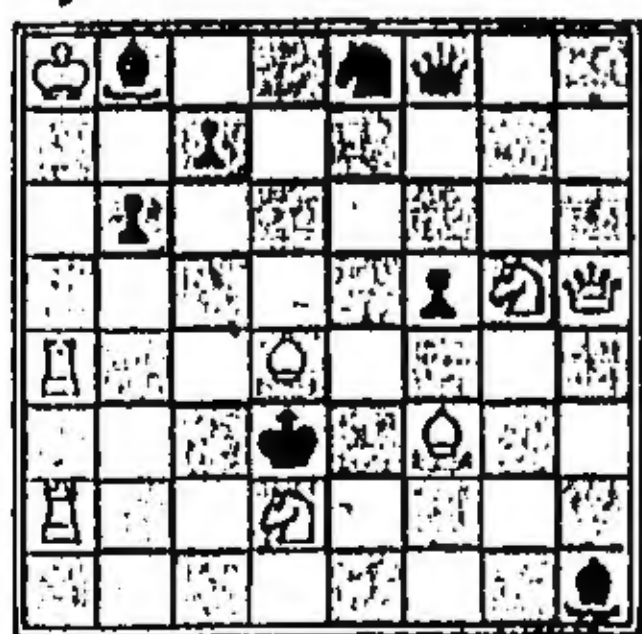
"Grant" was Zabotin's alias. "Director" was the Director of the Military Intelligence Service in Moscow. "Alek" was Professor Allan Nunn May.

Zabotin walked along the passage to Room 12, handed the telegram to his cipher officer, a young man named Igor Gouzenko. "Cipher that and send it off, comrade," he said.

Without replying, Gouzenko took the message into an adjoining room, a room with double steel doors, iron bars and steel shutters on the windows. Only a few members of the Embassy staff were allowed to enter that cipher room. One of these excluded from it was the Russian Ambassador, Mr. Zaroubin, himself.

CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a problem by B. J. de C. Andrade (Observer, 1936). White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution No. 5445: 1 P-Q7 dis. ch., K-R1; 2 QxR, QxQ; 3 B-B7! Resigns. London Express Service

SO THE 'BIG FISH' HAD TO DIE

tin's espionage network, covering all Canada, extending to the United States, London and a house in a quiet street in Geneva.

The documents brought out by Gouzenko gave the names of the men and women drawn into the spy-ring, the men and women marked off by their master as being "in the Net."

They included three scientists on the staff of the National Research Council, a man high up in the Industrial Development Bank, a major doing secret research-work for the Directorate of Artillery, the editor of an official magazine, a radar specialist, an atomic scientist, four other high-placed Canadian Government officials, and the confidential assistant to the United Kingdom High Commissioner.

The documents mentioned as well the names of the two Canadian Communists who had possession of full details of Zabotin's espionage network.

Operating through Fred Rose, Sokolov established three groups

totalling twelve persons, five of whom have not been identified to this day. Zabotin took over in June, 1943, and immediately began to expand the organization.

When it was uncovered, it consisted of 19 men and women, all Canadian or British subjects, and 17 officials inside the Soviet Embassy.

Zabotin's telegrams to Moscow showed that he made the nature of the film was bound to arouse fierce resentment against the Russians. The wounded and the dead were all Hungarians and we did not see the tragedy of young Russian soldiers who also died or were wounded. Yet heartbreak has no nationality.

As Shakespeare knew so well there is an ennobling quality in tragedy. We saw before us young men with their lives before them deliberately choosing death rather than slavery.

We saw women lending the wounded under fire and sharing the fate of the freedom fighters. The dead and dying were everywhere, yet the survivors fought on until at last there came an armistice of exhaustion.

But the story was not finished. The great heart of humanity went out to the Hungarian street fighters in their terrible plight. Their courage had lit a candle that burned like the mid-day sun. In the film we were shown a plane from Communist Poland arriving with supplies of Blood Plasma for the Hungarian wounded. Food, clothing and medicine came from Austria.

And in Budapest the heroic dead were being buried by men and women with tears and hatred in their hearts.

So fierce and sustained was the resistance of the freedom fighters, so furious was the outcry from the outside world that the Russians were obviously startled and shocked. An armistice of a sort was announced on the loud speakers and Mr. Nagy took over the government of the country by permission of the Russians. Thus there came the false calm of exhaustion.

But one does not need any unusual gift of imagination to realize the reaction in Moscow. Supreme Khrushchev may have many faults but he is not lacking in realism. Looking out upon the straggling empire of Communism with Marshal Tito taking his own line, with Poland looking to Yugoslavia for guidance and co-operation, with Hungary at home and with the civilized world condemning the Russian hierarchy as murderers of men and destroyers of nations, he must have felt warnings of fate.

Meanwhile that lovely, lazy city of Budapest with its sheltered cafes, its ruined houses and its dead and dying heroes was trying to reconstruct some kind of life amid the ruins. My mind went back to my first visit there in the early 20's when in an open air cafe Alexander Korda, the film producer, who was lighted by Churchill, asked his assistant and said to me:

"Hungary is not a nation, it is a state of mind. That was a witty piece of allegory; yet there was more truth in it than seemed at that moment. It was the state of mind that sent the young men into the streets against the tyranny of Communist Russia."

But to return for a moment to the film at Westminster. On the first, we saw the people in the shattered streets waiting for a loudspeaker announcement from the Russian headquarters. In the Committee Room of the great Westminster Hall we heard these fearful words of the Russian spokesman to the effect that Mr. Nagy would be placed at the head of the Government in a victory. Budapest, that city of gaiety and grief, had won the battle—or so it seemed.

That was so far as the film took us. In the hospitals were wounded men who wept with

relief and joy. Hungary was to be given back its liberty. Hungary was to have a Hungarian at its head. The Russian troops were beginning to pull out.

So the film came to an end with young people laughing and with older people dining and more to hope. A brave country had won a brave victory. Budapest was in ruins but some day, some time, it would rise from its ashes and be beautiful again. So much for the film. Now let us bring the story forward to the day of this year.

The United Nations special Committee on Hungary met in New York and adopted a statement deploring the execution of Imre Nagy, General Pál Maléter and their two companions. The Committee described the executions as "this latest tragic event in which these men, symbols of the hope of a nation for freedom from foreign domination, were secretly sent to death in circumstances which call for exposure in violation of solemn undertakings that their persons would not be harmed, and in defiance of the judgment and opinion of the United Nations."

It is not a crisis that can be solved by threats or even by war. So completely has Khrushchev established his police state that no man in Russia dare give words to his thoughts unless they are in accord with the party line. Russia, the most powerful country in Europe, is guarded by a propaganda wall which Truth cannot surmount.

Only a month ago I went to a reception at the Russian Embassy in London in honour of the Moscow players who were giving a special season of Russian at Sadler's Wells Theatre. Even without a word of Russian at my command I found their performance of an exquisitely humorous and charming experience. The players whom we met at the Embassy were as pleasant and human as could be.

—Is there no way of sealing the propaganda wall that keeps the Soviet people ignorant of the truth about the outside world? It is not enough for individual politicians and newspaper editors to condemn the rule of murder in Hungary. The blood of the murdered Nagy is on our conscience even if it is not on our hands.

Are Poland and Yugoslavia next on the list? Was the murder of Hungary intended as a warning or was it an announcement that in no Communist country with good faith, honour or mercy be allowed to exist?

We cannot and must not put Europe to the sword to avenge the rape of Hungary and the execution of President Nagy, but we can raise our voices and ensure that the truth is given wings. Mr. Khrushchev should be summoned to the United Nations to answer for his conduct in relation to Hungary.

Let us assume that he would refuse to go. Then let us proclaim it to the world that Russia holds that murder, foul murder, is essential to reign of Communism.

It was only a film we saw but it brought the naked truth to Westminster. I hope that nothing will prevent its travelling through the whole world for it has a tragic shamefulness yet uplifting story to tell. Perhaps some day it will be shown in Russia—but not yet. Russia is not evil, but only the men who govern it. That is what we must remember—and that is why we still can hope.

"Hungary Aflame" WILL RUSSIA DARE SHOW THIS FILM?

If any visitors to London had been in Westminster Hall on a recent day in July they would have seen a collection of MP's making their way to what is known as the Grand Committee Room. The occasion was the showing of a film called "Hungary Aflame" which, according to custom, had to be sponsored by three MP's. In company with a Liberal and Socialist I made the necessary third sponsor.

We assumed that the film would be tragic, probably given back its liberty. Hungary was to have a Hungarian at its head. The Russian troops were beginning to pull out.

So the film came to an end with young people laughing and with older people dining and more to hope. A brave country had won a brave victory. Budapest was in ruins but some day, some time, it would rise from its ashes and be beautiful again. So much for the film. Now let us bring the story forward to the day of this year.

The United Nations special Committee on Hungary met in New York and adopted a statement deploring the execution of Imre Nagy, General Pál Maléter and their two companions. The Committee described the executions as "this latest tragic event in which these men, symbols of the hope of a nation for freedom from foreign domination, were secretly sent to death in circumstances which call for exposure in violation of solemn undertakings that their persons would not be harmed, and in defiance of the judgment and opinion of the United Nations."

It is not a crisis that can be solved by threats or even by war. So completely has Khrushchev established his police state that no man in Russia dare give words to his thoughts unless they are in accord with the party line. Russia, the most powerful country in Europe, is guarded by a propaganda wall which Truth cannot surmount.

Only a month ago I went to a reception at the Russian Embassy in London in honour of the Moscow players who were giving a special season of Russian at Sadler's Wells Theatre. Even without a word of Russian at my command I found their performance of an exquisitely humorous and charming experience. The players whom we met at the Embassy were as pleasant and human as could be.

—Is there no way of sealing the propaganda wall that keeps the Soviet people ignorant of the truth about the outside world? It is not enough for individual politicians and newspaper editors to condemn the rule of murder in Hungary. The blood of the murdered Nagy is on our conscience even if it is not on our hands.

Are Poland and Yugoslavia next on the list? Was the murder of Hungary intended as a warning or was it an announcement that in no Communist country with good faith, honour or mercy be allowed to exist?

We cannot and must not put Europe to the sword to avenge the rape of Hungary and the execution of President Nagy, but we can raise our voices and ensure that the truth is given wings. Mr. Khrushchev should be summoned to the United Nations to answer for his conduct in relation to Hungary.

Let us assume that he would refuse to go. Then let us proclaim it to the world that Russia holds that murder, foul murder, is essential to reign of Communism.

It was only a film we saw but it brought the naked truth to Westminster. I hope that nothing will prevent its travelling through the whole world for it has a tragic shamefulness yet uplifting story to tell. Perhaps some day it will be shown in Russia—but not yet. Russia is not evil, but only the men who govern it. That is what we must remember—and that is why we still can hope.

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

In what country, asked the United Nations Committee, were the condemned men tried? Where did the executions take place? What was the precise form of the indictment?

Meanwhile a from Belgrade came the news that the Yugoslav Ambassador in Budapest handed a strong protest against the breach of agreement which promised that Mr. Nagy and his companions would have safe conduct on leaving the Yugoslavian Embassy where they had gone for safety.

In the actual Yugoslavian Embassy in Budapest where Mr. Nagy and his friends were enjoying sanctuary a Yugoslav diplomat was shot dead by a Russian patrol, after the Russians had pledged their word that neither Mr. Nagy nor his friends would be harmed.

Embassy they were arrested and sent to Rumania where they were perfunctorily tried and executed.

Twice the improvised Hungarian Government, dominated by its Communist leaders, had violated a solemn agreement with Yugoslavia, first by breaking a legal agreement with Yugoslavia when it failed to ensure the safe return to their homes of the men concerned, and secondly when it broke the promise that no punishment would be inflicted, on Mr. Nagy and his associates for past political activities.

But is all this of really vital importance to free nations separated by oceans and mountains from the mainland of Central Europe? Merely to ask the question is to answer it.

Western civilisation is faced with this challenge and

Meanwhile that lovely, lazy city of Budapest with its sheltered cafes, its ruined houses and its dead and dying heroes was trying to reconstruct some kind of life amid the ruins. My mind went back to my first visit there in the early 20's when in an open air cafe Alexander Korda, the film producer, who was lighted by Churchill, asked his assistant and said to me:

"Hungary is not a nation, it is a state of mind. That was a witty piece of allegory; yet there was more truth in it than seemed at that moment. It was the state of mind that sent the young men into the streets against the tyranny of Communist Russia."

But to return for a moment to the film at Westminster. On the first, we saw the people in the shattered streets waiting for a loudspeaker announcement from the Russian headquarters. In the Committee Room of the great Westminster Hall we heard these fearful words of the Russian spokesman to the effect that Mr. Nagy would be placed at the head of the Government in a victory. Budapest, that city of gaiety and grief, had won the battle—or so it seemed.

That was so far as the film took us. In the hospitals were wounded men who wept with

relief and joy. Hungary was to be given back its liberty. Hungary was to have a Hungarian at its head. The Russian troops were beginning to pull out.

So the film came to an end with young people laughing and with older people dining and more to hope. A brave country had won a brave victory. Budapest was in ruins but some day, some time, it would rise from its ashes and be beautiful again. So much for the film. Now let us bring the story forward to the day of this year.

The United Nations special Committee on Hungary met in New York and adopted a statement deploring the execution of Imre Nagy, General Pál Maléter and their two companions. The Committee described the executions as "this latest tragic event in which these men, symbols of the hope of a nation for freedom from foreign domination, were secretly sent to death in circumstances which call for exposure in violation of solemn undertakings that their persons would not be harmed, and in defiance of the judgment and opinion of the United Nations."

It is not a crisis that can be solved by threats or even by war. So completely has Khrushchev established his police state that no man in Russia dare give words to his thoughts unless they are in accord with the party line. Russia, the most powerful country in Europe, is guarded by a propaganda wall which Truth cannot surmount.

Only a month ago I went to a reception at the Russian Embassy in London in honour of the Moscow players who were giving a special season of Russian at Sadler's Wells Theatre. Even without a word of Russian at my command I found their performance of an exquisitely humorous and charming experience. The players whom we met at the Embassy were as pleasant and human as could be.

—Is there no way of sealing the propaganda wall that keeps the Soviet people ignorant of the truth about the outside world? It is not enough for individual politicians and newspaper editors to condemn the rule of murder in Hungary. The blood of the murdered Nagy is on our conscience even if it is not on our hands.

Are Poland and Yugoslavia next on the list? Was the murder of Hungary intended as a warning or was it an announcement that in no Communist country with good faith, honour or mercy be allowed to exist?

We cannot and must not put Europe to the sword to avenge the rape of Hungary and the execution of President Nagy, but we can raise our voices and ensure that the truth is given wings. Mr. Khrushchev should be summoned to the United Nations to answer for his conduct in relation to Hungary.

Let us assume that he would refuse to go. Then let us proclaim it to the world that Russia holds that murder, foul murder, is essential to reign of Communism.

It was only a film we saw but it brought the naked truth to Westminster. I hope that nothing will prevent its travelling through the whole world for it has a tragic shamefulness yet uplifting story to tell. Perhaps some day it will be shown in Russia—but not yet. Russia is not evil, but only the men who govern it. That is what we must remember—and that is why we still can hope.

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"I'm letting him get used to seeing me in a hat so he won't cry the first time I take him to Sunday school!"

★ ★ ★

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

New York's Richest Women

By CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

THEIR JOB: MAKING MILLIONS

ASK the average woman-on-the-street what she would do if she suddenly became the custodian of a \$50,000,000 fortune and it is more than likely her answer would be a loud guffaw.

"Are you serious?" she might add. "If I had that kind of cash I would never lift a finger again. I would sleep until noon, eat all my meals at Pavillon and buy a few mink coats each week."

Many rich women in the U.S. do live such a life and actually find it appealing, but to many of our wealthiest women such an existence is unthinkable and a tragic waste.

To a Mary Roebeling, a Peggy Schultz Downey or an Abby Rockefeller Mauze, idleness and frivolity are unforgivable sins in any individual, no matter how rich.

Each of these extremely gifted millionaires fills her days with a busy round

of appointments involving the operation of a variety of businesses, the administration of trusts and the pursuit of charitable and philanthropic ventures.

Each is an ardent feminist and is firmly convinced that there is no logical reason why women should not be as successful in the highly competitive world of business and finance as are men.

★ ★ ★

MARY ROEBLING, the attractive and dynamic president and board chairman of Trenton Trust, symbolizes the "working heiress." Instead of contenting herself with enjoyment of the millions left her in 1936 by her late husband, Siegfried Roebeling, this enterprising little lady has parlayed her inheritance into a vast fortune.

Born in modest circumstances in Collingswood, N. J., Mrs. Roebeling attended Moorestown High School and later was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. At the time she met Roebeling in 1933, she was working as a customer's woman for a Philadelphia investment firm and was quite successful in her own right.

Her husband's death left her responsible for the future of a



MRS. MORTON DOWNEY

MRS. JEAN MAUZE

MARY ROEBLING

bank which, while one of the 300 largest in the U.S., had assets of only \$17,000,000. She managed to raise her two children and, at the same time, learn enough of banking and finance

to become one of the outstanding women in the field. By the time her children, Mrs. Andrew K. Dutch 3d and son Paul Roebeling, were of age, Mrs. Roebeling had built Trenton Trust into one of the healthiest financial institutions in the East, with assets totalling \$70,000,000.

She maintains the Stockton, N. J., home which her husband, grandson of the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge, left her. But spends most of her time in an apartment directly across the street from the bank. Her day begins "whenever the phone starts ringing" and Mrs. Roebeling is usually at her desk by 9:30 weekdays, mornings, dictating letters to her three secretaries and meeting with customers.

Mrs. Roebeling commutes between Trenton, Philadelphia and New York as though they were one large city and often breakfasts in Trenton with a customer, speaks before a ladies' luncheon club in Philadelphia and then hustles to New York for dinner with friends in her Carlton House apartment.

"My hobbies," she once told an interviewer, "are golf, tennis and my collection of fine old glass, but my love is banking and finance."

★ ★ ★

EVERY DAY AS BUSY as business woman these days is Peggy Schultz Downey, the beautiful young wife of singer Morton Downey and the daughter of the late Margaret Thompson Biddle.

Peggy was born with the proverbial silver spoon and prior to World War II, went abroad to live with her mother and stepfather, ex-Ambassador to Poland, Anthony Drexel Biddle. At the outbreak of war, Peggy and her parents fled Warsaw, escaping to Romania, and there she met and married Prince Alexander Hohenlohe, a handsome Polish Cavalry officer. She was then 17 and her war hero husband was 19.

They came to the U. S. during the war and, for several years, were a popular couple in New York society, familiar faces in the gay whirl of parties and nightclubs. When their marriage foundered, Peggy sought a divorce on grounds of misconduct and asked custody of their two children, Christian and Katherine. She got both.

Peggy married Downey and settled down to becoming a working heiress. Upon her mother's death in June, 1955, Peggy, and her brother, Ted Schultz, inherited a colossal business empire which they have since operated together from the Manhattan offices of the Thompson Mining Co.

Today Peggy is seldom seen at parties in Manhattan, is an infrequent visitor to nightclubs and seems to have become completely immersed in being a good wife and mother and a good business woman to manage her huge inheritance.

Peggy is the only heiress who comes to mind who successfully made the change-over to working girl without losing a few million in the process.

★ ★ ★

WEALTHIEST OF THE working heiresses in our list of New York's top 12 is Abby Rockefeller, only daughter of John D. Rockefeller Jr., and sister of Winthrop, Nelson, David, Lawrence and John Rockefeller.

Despite an inheritance estimated between \$100,000,000 and \$200,000,000, Abby—now Mrs. Jean—Mauze—was taught early in life the value of a dollar. Some of her earliest childhood memories centre around her grandfather, the late John D. Sr., whose habit of giving children six cents a nickel to save and a penny to spend—made a deep impression upon her. This was the forerunner of his famed habit of passing out dimes.

As a youngster Abby received an allowance of 50 cents weekly, but a dime went into the church collection plate on Sunday. As she grew up the allowance was increased, of course, but even

while in finishing school she received only \$100 a month and had to ask her grandfather for a loan to buy her first automobile.

In 1925 she married David Merrimack Milton, a young attorney with little money, and set up housekeeping in an apartment until such time as he could offer her a more stylish abode—an 18-room triplex apartment atop 1 Beekman Place.

During her marriage to Milton, which ended in divorce in 1943, Abby was able to combine her task of being a wife and mother with the job of being a Rockefeller and managing the millions which had been left her, both through her father and her mother, the former Abby Greene Aldrich.

During her subsequent six years of marriage to the late Dr. Irving Hotchkiss Pardee and her present marriage to banker Jean Mauze, Abby has continued to participate actively in the management of her varied holdings and is considered a match, from a standpoint of business acumen, for any of her brothers.

Due to her shrewd business sense her two married daughters need never worry about money. Abby has seen to it that her personal fortune will survive as long as the U.S. is a free nation.

NERO NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THIS

I SHOULD have called it my least favourite dream—if it hadn't been true. I was riding in a lift wearing a bath cap and the smallest piece of checked gingham. The gingham was doing very shaky duty as a sarong.

I was en route for my first Turkish bath. I had been driven there by statistics—my own, and the less vital ones which prove that more women than ever before are losing their weight and their inhibitions in the steam-heated precincts of the bath.

It is a country-wide awakening. In Manchester, a bath which can accommodate only 20 women a day is always booked to capacity.

"We open only three days a week," the managers told me, "but we could fill up with ladies if we opened six days. Housewives and business girls—they all come, and the first thing they ask is: 'What do we wear?'"

★ ★ ★

So Modest
"They hang on to their little jointclothes. Housewives especially, are frightened to death of appearing in the nude. They're very relieved when they know it isn't necessary."

In London (where they're not so inhibited) one bath reports that women are streaming through at the rate of 80 to 100 a day, using about 1,500 bath and hand towels between them and round about ten pounds of soap a week.

The Order of the Bath is always the same, though the soap occasionally differs. Sometimes it is almond oil and fresh lemon, sometimes buttermilk and sometimes pure superfat.

Model Girls
I followed distinguished company when I chose to take a Turkish bath in London.

Mrs. Wilfred Pickles, Margaret Loughlin, ballet dancers, model girls, housewives and business girls had all been there before.

I knew all about the virtues of Turkish baths: How they improved the circulation, toned up the system, removed the deep-down dirt from the skin, helped rheumatic conditions. I knew all this, but I did NOT know that I should take the bath in surroundings which looked rather like pictures of the best English clubs where women are never allowed.

★ ★ ★

Pink Lady
I was baffled by inscriptions like "Fortitude" and "Charity" written on the domed ceiling. Then I discovered first impressions were right. The place HAD once been an exclusive club.

What the dignified members would have thought if they could have drifted back into their deep-carpeted clubroom to discover a plump pink lady, standing on a weighing machine in one corner, while her equally plump and pink friend lounged on a divan, I do not know. I did not have time to think, because all speculation and much breath was cut short when I was directed into the steam room.

It looked like an ancient Roman orgy—pale pink forms lying on wide marble steps, dimly seen through clouds of steam. I breathed hot steam like a dragon in reverse for as long as I could, then leapt out to find out if it was meant to be as hot as that or had something gone wrong with the pipes.

★ ★ ★

A Fugitive
"Nothing's gone wrong, dear," said the attendant in a swimsuit, soothingly. "Go back. It's doing you good."

I survived the steam and staggered into the hottest dry room, feeling like a fugitive from King Solomon's mines. All thought had gone. I could just wonder vaguely if I should ever be cool again.

After five minutes in the hot room (160 to 170 degrees) I was lying wondering when I should ignite. It seemed to me that spontaneous combustion would be the only outcome to all this.

By Mary Hampson

SUPER-DUPER OLD GUARD

Among the wealthiest women of the greatest city in the world is a group—a vanishing group, to be sure—who change not with the old order. Until their very extinction they intend to retain the solid gold doorknobs, the liveried servants, the private railroad and other such little expressions of super-elegance of the early 1900s.

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3

BORN today, you are rather too luxury-loving for your own good. You cannot be happy unless you are surrounded with beauty, perfection and harmony. You are an artist by temperament, yet you do not have the self-confidence necessary in pursuing the arts as a career. You must learn to have faith in your ideas and the strength of purpose to follow them through to completion.

You are meticulous concerning detail and will work hard to reach the peak of perfection. You can take so much time and energy to complete a simple task as someone else might take to finish a gigantic project. The difference is that your small project will be perfect; the larger one may be a slap-dash job, honey-combed with inaccuracies.

Your interests are varied and you are inclined to scatter your energies over too wide a field. You are the type to know something about a large variety of things. This is rather frustrating for you. For there are two personalities in one individual: The perfectionist, on one hand, and the intellectual Jack of All Cultures, on the other. The two are sometimes at cross purposes, making life rather difficult. You are not sufficiently interested in attaining material success to push yourself. You are content with little material wealth so long as you are left to pursue your own ideas.

You have a magnetic personality and attract people into your orbit. You are a good organizer, but once you have set things in motion, you prefer to sit back and watch other people make the wheels go around. A little more persistence in your nature and you can become highly successful.

Among those born on this date were: F. Marion Crawford, author; John Sloan, American painter; and Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, engineer and planner of the city of Washington.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3

MONDAY, AUGUST 4

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—It is to be hoped that you can spend this day in leisurely recreation and rebuild your energies for the coming week.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Seek spiritual inspiration and get ready for new projects to come. You will need strength and energy for them.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—An inspiring sermon this morning may give your spirit an uplift that you have been needing lately.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—A day to let down tensions and relax. Don't plan anything too strenuous. This should be a day of rest.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A variety of interests may beckon, but select some area of activity that will bring complete relaxation.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you can get outdoors, you will find that communion with nature will bring a renewed interest in life.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A certain degree of self-control is needed today. There may be tensions all around you. Dispel them with care.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—A stimulating day when your ambitions reach a new peak. Make plans for your future activities now.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—After your devotional exercises this morning, take stock of what is in store for the future. Plan carefully.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—If you have been busier than usual of late, then this is a day to relax tensions and get some rest.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—A change of pace can bring pleasant relaxation. Store up fresh energy for the days to come.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A good day for a trip into the country for some fresh air and sunshine. A church or club outing, perhaps?

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—One of your big days this month. Start the day in high gear and keep things moving in your direction.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You can take that calculated risk and win a business advantage over your competitors. Anticipate a profit.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Be co-operative with others and you will find that you are making strategic gains in your occupation.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—An exceptionally busy day. If planning a trip, this could be a good time to set out.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Fortune is smiling on you. The day starts well and ends up in an exceptionally fine fashion. Get what you want.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If you are planning a move, this is a good day to do it. Get into your new home and start settling.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Take full advantage of any new opportunity offered at this time. To delay your acceptance is fatal.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Romance may be where you least expect it! Someone at the office could prove to be your "one and only."

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Take a big step forward toward your major goal today. Everything seems to be falling into your lap just now.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Put your best energies into an important job. Don't waste time on non-essentials. Time is fleeting.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Make a definite goal. Business is good and you should show a firm profit in your expansion.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—You could anticipate a promotion, and the rate that goes with it, now. If past work has proved your worth to the organization.

SUMMER SALE

Extended Till Saturday, 9th August

FOR GENTS	FOR LADIES
Manhattan Dacron Shirts SALE \$39.80 ea.	Everpleat Printed Skirts SALE \$19.80 ea.
Lloyds Drip-dry Shirts SALE \$16.80 ea.	Everpleat Shaded Skirts SALE \$39.80 ea.
English Cellular Shirts SALE \$ 9.80 ea.	Woventex Everglaze Skirts SALE \$21.80 ea.
Lightex Swiss Shirts White \$13.80 ea. Coloured \$14.80 ea.	Woventex Evening Taffetta Skirts SALE \$9.80 ea.
B19 Sport Shirts SALE \$12.80 ea.	Can-can Half Slips in Nets SALE \$17.00 ea. \$37.50 ea.
Mohair Slacks SALE \$29.80 ea.	
Wolsey Stretch-Nylon Socks SALE \$ 3.80 a pr.	
Lodas Argyle All Wool Socks SALE \$ 6.80 a pr.	
Ties \$1.90, \$2.80 & up	

Remember
Monday, 4th August
is a
REMNANTS DAY
at Tyeb's

Man Yee Building Tel. 37196 31a Pottinger Street



RIGHT: Ann Rose poses with her family, Mr and Mrs A. Rankin, shortly after her christening at Kowloon Union Church on Sunday.—Ming Yuen.

★

ABOVE: There was a double christening at St John's Cathedral last week. Posing after the ceremony (l-r) are: Mr and Mrs G. Aress and their infant son, Paul, and Mr and Mrs W. Pagon and their child, Christopher William Frederick.

★

LEFT: The Hongkong Tourist Guides Association held its first social evening at the Clover Hotel last night when they entertained over 200 guests. Major H. F. Stanley, Executive Director of the Hongkong Tourist Association, is seen signing the guest book while Mr Robert Ilahi, Chairman (second from right) and Mr Mario Babros look on.



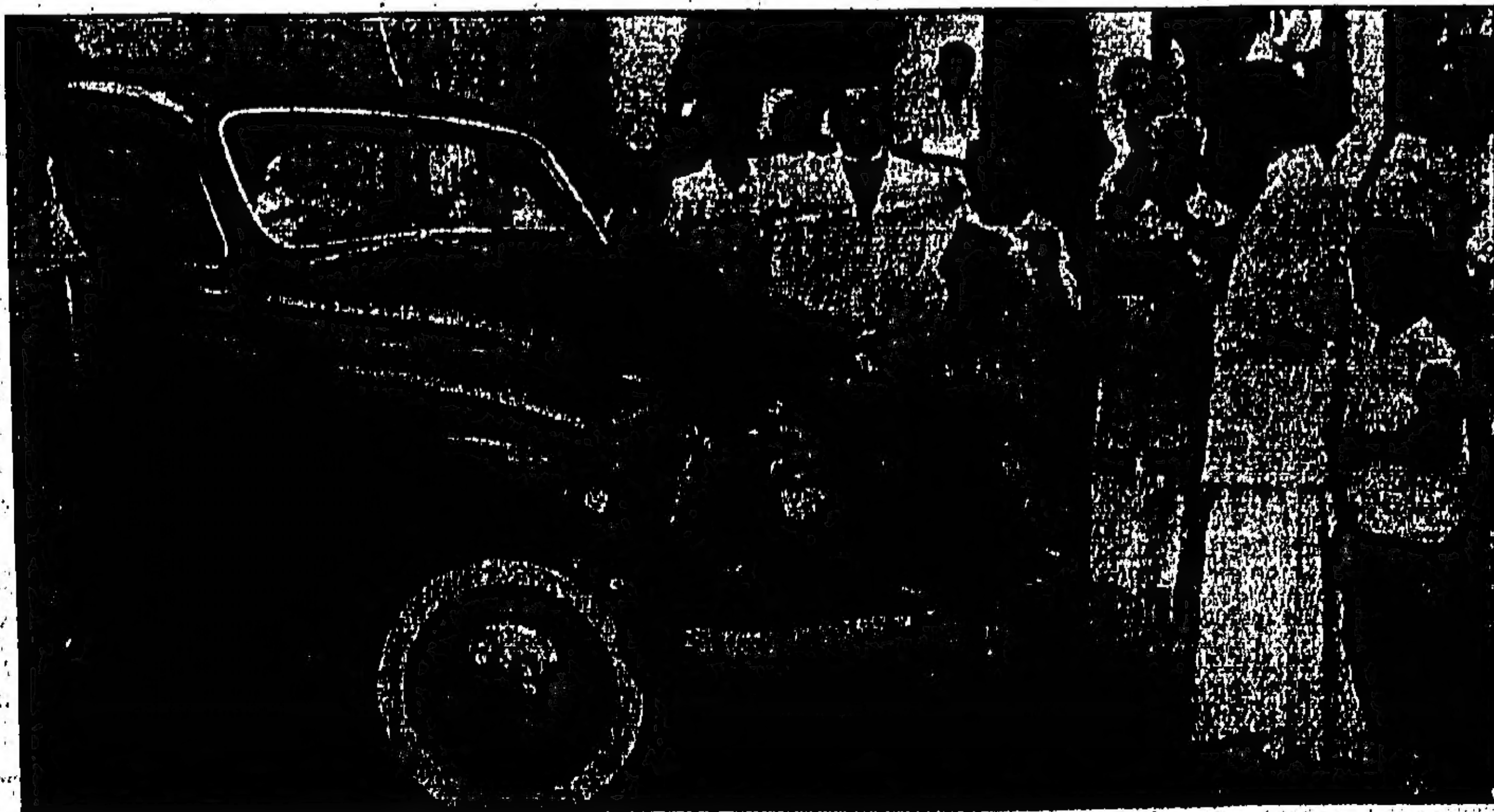
ABOVE: Newlyweds Mr Charles John Grafton-Lowe, principal of King George V School, and his wife, formerly Miss Agnes Hung-lai Ip, who were married last Saturday, wave goodbye as they board an airliner for Manila on Monday for a three-week honeymoon.

★

BELOW: Mr and Mrs Tan Hui-nan pose during their wedding reception at the Yan Yan Restaurant on Sunday. The bride is the former Miss Yu Po-chiu.



ABOVE: "You have world-class marksmen here in Hongkong," declared two Australians who recently passed through the Colony on their way to the 37th World Shooting Championships in Moscow. Mr Albert J. Koorey and Mr Ben C. Macarthur (second and third from left) pose with Hongkong marksmen (l-r) H. C. Woo, Miss M. Wong and Mr Bill Gillies.



ABOVE: Dressed in their best uniforms, the children of Gun Club Hill School line up before trooping into the Gun Club Barracks to attend the speech day of their school last Friday.

★

RIGHT: The principal of the Kiangsu and Chokiang Primary School, Miss Sun Fang-chung, presents an armload of certificates to class representative Choi Kee-tung during the school's speech day ceremonies recently.

★

BELOW: Private U.S. Dillon, runner-up to the best all-round recruit award during last Saturday's Hongkong Regiment passing-out parade, receives a cup from Col. E. G. Stewart, the Regiment's Honorary Colonel.



BELOW: Rev. Father C. M. Orlando blesses a bemedalled car during ceremonies in honour of the Feast of St. Christopher at St. Teresa's Church, Kowloon, last Friday.

See
HONGKONG
AND MACAO
by

**AMERLOYD
TOURS**

AMERICAN LLOYD TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.
CENTRAL BLDG. • HONGKONG
TOURS DEPT.
ASTOR HOTEL • KOWLOON.

PHILCO

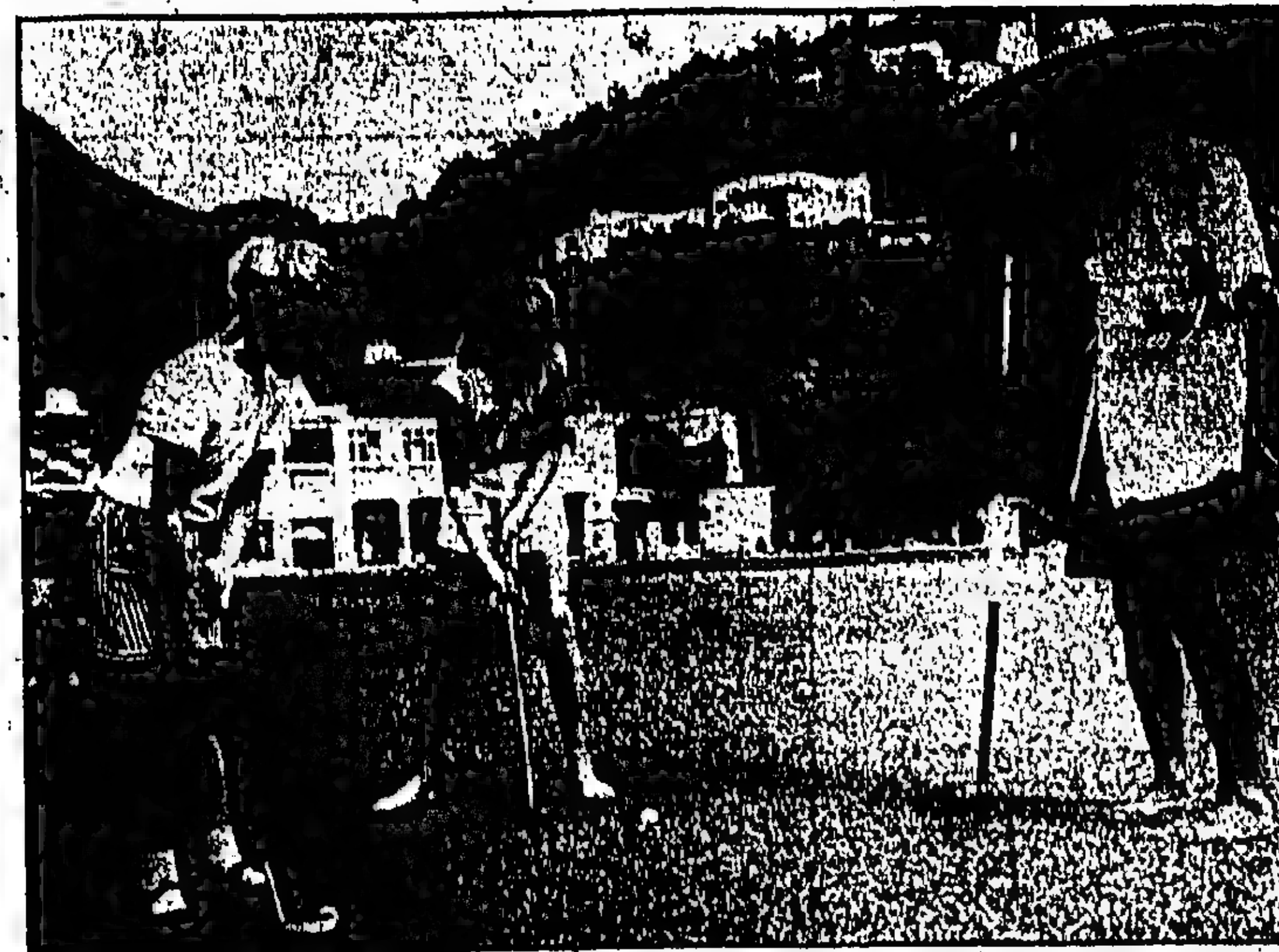
...world's finest
products for the home!

**FOR PERFECT
AIRCONDITIONING**

Look ahead
and you'll choose PHILCO

GILMANS

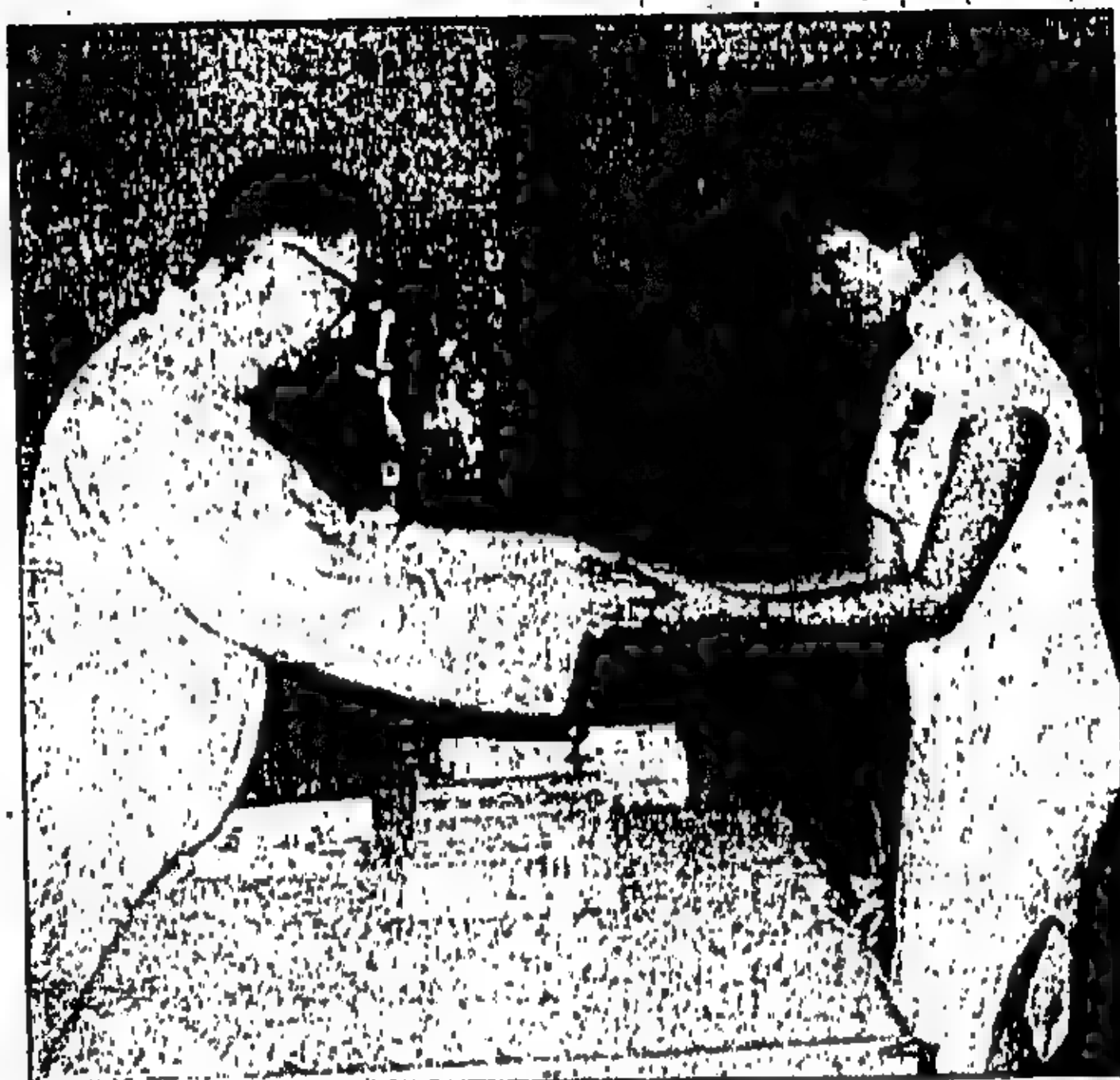
SHOWROOM GLOUCESTER ARCADE
Phone 34181.



RIGHT ABOVE: His Excellency the Governor presents Mr. Woo Wen-wai, newly-appointed Assistant Colony Commissioner, with a warrant during a brief ceremony at Government House on Wednesday.

★ ★
ABOVE: Gidcons International Hongkong Camp recently presented bibles to the Clover Hotel. Left to right are Mr. Leung Kum-luen, Mr. Daniel N. F. Chen, vice-president of Gidcons, and Mr. Chan Tak-sang, representing members of the Board of the Hotel.

★ ★
LEFT: The Lutheran World Service's medical treatment centre was declared open by Mr. D. J. M. MacKenzie, Director of Medical and Health Services, last week. Rev. L. Stumpf, director of the Lutheran organisation is pictured making an address.



ABOVE: Professor Ma Kam presents a certificate to a successful student, Miss Chow Kit-man at the speech day ceremony of the Fine Arts School recently.

★
ABOVE: Intent on their putting, two youthful competitors in the Three Club Competition in the Children's Tournament at the Royal Hongkong Golf Club, Deep Water Bay, watch the ball sink into the cup yesterday.



★
RIGHT: Mr. D. R. Holmes, District Commissioner, New Territories, conveys good wishes from H.E. the Governor to Miss So Yun, a Centenarian living in the Sing Tin Tao Home for the Aged in Shatin. A scroll was presented to her during celebrations recently of the Home's 15th anniversary.



★ ★ ★
BELOW: Chatting during opening of the Teachers' Summer School at Wah Yan College recently are (left to right) Mr. C. H. Cheung, the Rev. Fr. M. Dargan, principal of Wah Yan College, Kowloon, and Mr. L. G. Morgan, Acting Director of Education.



ABOVE: Mr. Ronald Godfrey Cox, Hongkong's new deputy Chief Fire Officer, poses with his family shortly after his arrival by the RMS Canton recently. From left to right: Alan, Mr. Cox, Lesley, Mrs. Cox and Jacquelline.

ABOVE: Mr. M. F. Griffiths (right) comments on a picture during the Art Club's "Criticism Hour" at the close of its two-day monthly exhibition at St John's Cathedral Hall recently.

BELOW: A group picture of the winners (1/2 Gurkha Rifles) and the runners-up (1 Royal Tank Rgt) after the Services Inter-Unit Golf Championships held at Fanling on Thursday. Mrs. Howard-Jones, who presented the trophies, is in the centre.



WATCH WESTINGHOUSE

where **BIG** things are happening for YOU

YOU CAN BE **SURE**... IF IT'S

Westinghouse

Westinghouse now gives you
"WEATHER - PERFECT LIVING"
with the 1958 all NEW

AIR CONDITIONERS

1/4 HP, 1 HP, 1 1/2 HP AND 2 HP MODELS



Sole Agents
DAVIE, BOAG & CO., LTD.
ALEXANDRA HOUSE
TEL. 31234

The Restaurant in Kowloon



THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

FIRST FLOOR, MANSON HOUSE
147B NATHAN ROAD, KOWLOON

FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE 60301
OR, AFTER 7 p.m., 60305

Roderick Mann

THE TOP COLUMNIST
OF SHOW BUSINESS
—IN GREECE

Me? I am the shy type says Mitchum



ATHENS. ROBERT MITCHUM lay back on the narrow bed of his beach cabin, a tall glass of whisky in his hand. He was wearing swimming trunks, and he was very tanned. Through the doorway we could see the oleander bushes in flower, and beyond them the beach and the sparkling sea. In the distance the white buildings of Athens shimmered in the afternoon sunlight.

"My problem," said Mitchum, "is that I'm not getting enough sleep. Come to think of it, I haven't had a good sleep since I was in prison. It cost me a lot of money, and my reputation—but I got plenty of sleep."

(Mitchum, who has had several brushes with the law during the course of his colourful career, was referring to his conviction on a drug charge.)

"You'd never believe it," continued Mitchum, "but yesterday they gave me a pair of American prison-made shoes to wear in the film I'm doing here, *The Angry Hills*.

"They were bought in an Athens shoe shop, but I recognised the brand. They are made in our prisons, and sent to Europe as gifts for the poor. Like so many other things, these had been side-tracked and were being sold in the shops."

He tried his drink, got up and threw the rest into the sink.

"Foul," he said, "this isn't whisky; it's hooch."

QUITE A KICK

Carefully he refilled the glass with the Greek version of the drink.

"This isn't bad stuff really," he said, fiddling around with the ice-pick. "There is quite a kick to it, though it isn't in the same league as absinthe. The only trouble with absinthe is that it makes the brain."

"You talk like a hard-drinking man," I said.

"I have to be able to drink," said Mitchum. "I find the only way I can get rid of people is

WRONG FOOT...

He got back on his bed, but he didn't sleep.

"They think I'm a character," he said. "Hell, I'm no character. Errol Flynn, now, he's a character, but not me."

"What are you?"

"Actually I'm basically shy," said Mitchum, closing his eyes. "You know, the kind that's always on the wrong foot when he goes to the kerb of the road."

"Like a lot of shy people, I used to write once. But my writing became so abstract even I could not understand it. I have been asked to write my life story several times."

"Why don't you?"

"For one thing," said Mitchum, "everyone would have to leave town. Secondly—who cares? We're only actors."

"Flynn's writing his," I said.

"He needs the money," said Mitchum. "I don't."

This, I reflected, was true. Mitchum today is one of the

MISS JAYNE MANSFIELD is a large girl, with a protruding mouth, prominent teeth, thickish lips and off-white hair. She is a little on the plump side. Her eyes are brown. So are her eye-brows and the roots of her hair.

She has a larger than normal bust. She is quite famous. This week at the Bull Hotel in Gerard's Cross, before her return to America she was wearing tartan slacks, a striped shirt made of towelling, and a charm bracelet. Her eight-year-old daughter, Jane Marie, met me at the reception desk when I arrived and conducted me to the residents' lounge. Asked me to take a seat, and told me that mummy would not be long.

New home

Miss Mansfield in due course joined me, and we talked for an hour and a half. This was how the conversation went:

WISEMAN—What are you going to do when you get back to Hollywood?

MANSFIELD—We are going to move into our new home we bought in Holmby Hills. Oh, it's an absolutely divine house. I'm so excited—there's nothing like having a nice home, is there?

It's an old house—20 years old—and oh it's just gorgeous. It's very Mediterranean, very Spanish.

It's got everything. Eight bedrooms, 13 bathrooms, a 60ft. living room, libraries—we're going to have two lots of gates. Pink. I love pink. Jane Marie has got a suite of rooms and we've got a steam-bath and a barbecue.

All pink

It's so exciting, I'm dying to get back—two—got a double bath off the master bedroom. The bedroom is going to be done entirely in pink antique mirror—the walls, ceilings, everything. I love pink, it's gorgeous.

The bed will be very low, built into the floor, with the furs coming up over the side of the bed, and we've got a Romeo and Juliet balcony overlooking the living-room. It's all very beautiful and artistic, and we're putting in a heart-shaped swimming pool and a private cinema.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

But I tell you what I'm most excited about, I've set my heart on it. We're going to have a little private chapel where we can go to iron out our spiritual problems. Don't you think that's a beautiful idea? Oh, yes, we've also got a couple of waterfalls. I think they're nice. Leopard skin rugs? No, I think they're old-fashioned and they're not feminine, are they? But an ocelot once I love animals, you see. But I got through my leopard skin phase three years ago.

A SEX-SYMBOL TALKS AND LIMELIGHT LISTENS

PEOPLE HAVE THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT ME!

SAYS JAYNE MANSFIELD

by THOMAS
WISEMAN

I'm going to have a real home, nothing flashy. I do think homes are just the most wonderful places. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, we're going to have maroon curtains—that's a kind of feathery fox fur, you know. It's not as stiff as silk, but it has the same connotation as champagne, very light and fluffy.

WISEMAN—Well, there's no place like home, is there? Not like yours, anyway.

MANSFIELD—Oh, you're so right.

WISEMAN—What has induced you to emphasize your lady-like qualities in recent interviews. Doesn't that rather defeat your own object?

MANSFIELD—Well, I'll tell you about that. You see, I'm a very religious person. I'm a member of the Methodist Church, but I go to the Episcopal services because I think they're so nice and they give me tremendous inspiration. They're so very beautiful and holy. So I'm going to change my membership.

I'm also interested in Christian Science. I'm afraid people some-

times have the wrong idea about me. Because of those pin-up pictures I posed for. Well, a girl has to eat, doesn't she. But I'm absolutely against just, it's very immoral, in my opinion.

The way people think of glamour girls, well it isn't nice. What I mean is, they think they haven't got their diamonds in the right way. I wouldn't like them to think like that about me. I always paid for my own dress. The trouble is, when you see a girl clad in very little, you don't think about what she has to offer spiritually.

WISEMAN—What did you learn?

MANSFIELD—Oh, lots of things. A lot about animals. Animals always intrigued me. You know, about monkeys. Psychological stuff.

WISEMAN—In what way does Jung differ from Adler?

MANSFIELD—Oh, I don't remember the technical terms. WISEMAN—Those are not technical terms. They are people.

MANSFIELD—Oh, I guess I didn't get around to them—I don't remember them. What you've got to remember is you don't go to college to print indelibly each medical term on your mind. You go to learn to think.

WISEMAN—Do you do any reading?

MANSFIELD—I haven't got much time for that. I'm more of a practical philosopher—I believe in applying learning to your everyday life.

WISEMAN—Do you still read the Bible every night with your husband?

MANSFIELD—No, we haven't got a copy here. Ours is in Hollywood. But we'll have a good read of it when we get back; you can't read the Bible enough, can you?

WISEMAN—How is your career going?

MANSFIELD—If I made a picture outside Fox they'd have to pay 300,000 dollars for me. Per film. But as I'm under exclusive contract to Fox, I only get 75,000 dollars a year. I've just finished an eight-week engagement at Las Vegas where I got 25,000 dollars a week.

WISEMAN—Didn't that conflict with your religious beliefs—luring people there to gamble?

MANSFIELD—Oh, I'm sure God is against gambling, and so

people could be cleaned by

heathful thinking. You see, I'm a student of psychology. I'm

interested in the psychological effect on the universe. I minored in psychology—I went to three universities.

WISEMAN—What did you learn?

MANSFIELD—Oh, lots of things. A lot about animals. Animals always intrigued me. You know, about monkeys. Psychological stuff.

WISEMAN—In what way does Jung differ from Adler?

MANSFIELD—Oh, I don't remember the technical terms. WISEMAN—Those are not technical terms. They are people.

MANSFIELD—Oh, I guess I didn't get around to them—I don't remember them. What you've got to remember is you don't go to college to print indelibly each medical term on your mind. You go to learn to think.

WISEMAN—Do you do any reading?

MANSFIELD—I haven't got much time for that. I'm more of a practical philosopher—I believe in applying learning to your everyday life.

WISEMAN—Do you still read the Bible every night with your husband?

MANSFIELD—No, we haven't got a copy here. Ours is in Hollywood. But we'll have a good read of it when we get back; you can't read the Bible enough, can you?

WISEMAN—How is your career going?

MANSFIELD—If I made a picture outside Fox they'd have to pay 300,000 dollars for me. Per film. But as I'm under exclusive contract to Fox, I only get 75,000 dollars a year. I've just finished an eight-week engagement at Las Vegas where I got 25,000 dollars a week.

WISEMAN—Didn't that conflict with your religious beliefs—luring people there to gamble?

MANSFIELD—Oh, I'm sure God is against gambling, and so

people could be cleaned by

heathful thinking. You see, I'm a student of psychology. I'm

interested in the psychological effect on the universe. I minored in psychology—I went to three universities.

WISEMAN—What did you learn?

MANSFIELD—Oh, lots of things. A lot about animals. Animals always intrigued me. You know, about monkeys. Psychological stuff.

WISEMAN—In what way does Jung differ from Adler?

MANSFIELD—Oh, I don't remember the technical terms. WISEMAN—Those are not technical terms. They are people.

MANSFIELD—Oh, I guess I didn't get around to them—I don't remember them. What you've got to remember is you don't go to college to print indelibly each medical term on your mind. You go to learn to think.

WISEMAN—Do you do any reading?

MANSFIELD—I haven't got much time for that. I'm more of a practical philosopher—I believe in applying learning to your everyday life.

WISEMAN—Do you still read the Bible every night with your husband?

MANSFIELD—No, we haven't got a copy here. Ours is in Hollywood. But we'll have a good read of it when we get back; you can't read the Bible enough, can you?

WISEMAN—How is your career going?

MANSFIELD—If I made a picture outside Fox they'd have to pay 300,000 dollars for me. Per film. But as I'm under exclusive contract to Fox, I only get 75,000 dollars a year. I've just finished an eight-week engagement at Las Vegas where I got 25,000 dollars a week.

WISEMAN—Didn't that conflict with your religious beliefs—luring people there to gamble?

MANSFIELD—Oh, I'm sure God is against gambling, and so



times have the wrong idea about me. Because of those pin-up pictures I posed for. Well, a girl has to eat, doesn't she. But I'm absolutely against just, it's very immoral, in my opinion.

The way people think of glamour girls, well it isn't nice. What I mean is, they think they haven't got their diamonds in the right way. I wouldn't like them to think like that about me. I always paid for my own dress. The trouble is, when you see a girl clad in very little, you don't think about what she has to offer spiritually.

WISEMAN—What did you learn?

MANSFIELD—Oh, lots of things. A lot about animals. Animals always intrigued me. You know, about monkeys. Psychological stuff.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

It Started With Emperor's Park Caves Used To Ripen Cheese

BACK in 1100 BC when the great Wu Wang, first Chinese Emperor of the Chou Dynasty, was in power he founded a wonderful park full of all kinds of animals.

He called it "Intelligence Park" and this was the very first zoo of which we have any record.

Down through the centuries men have collected animals and birds of many kinds for various reasons.

The ancient Romans and Greeks caught and maintained

wild beasts for their gladiatorial combats. Feudal chieftains and princes of the Middle Ages kept birds and animals too.

In 1804, in Paris, the first modern zoo was established, and in 1826 the world-famous London Zoo was founded.

Here the first modern methods were devised, including radiant heat, vitreous windows and artificial sunlight.

In 1874 the first zoo in America was opened in Philadelphia, Pa.

The largest one in the world, covering about 300 acres of

ground, is Bronx Zoo in New York City. This same city has two other zoos.

Of course millions of Americans are familiar with the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago. It became famous due to the TV programme which originated there for many years.

Nearly every large city in the United States can now boast a bright, clean, modern zoological garden where the animals are given the greatest possible freedom of movement.

Here they can be observed playing and exercising in barrier enclosures with artificial rocks, crags and moats giving natural settings to enable them

to live contented and healthy lives.

This is a far cry from the olden days when animals languished in small, barred cages where they were kept for show purposes.

It is a long, long way from Emperor Wu Wang's famous "Intelligence Park" to the beautiful natural settings of the zoological gardens where we see birds, animals and reptiles well cared for and living happily.

—ALETTA J. STREETER

DO you know that the limestone caves along the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers near Minneapolis, Minn., are becoming world famous as the home of tasty roquefort-type Minnesota Blu Cheese?

The unusual cheese-ripening properties of these caves were discovered accidentally about 20 years ago by W.B. Combs of the Dairy Department at the University of Minnesota.

He visited them with friends to pick mushrooms. Noticing

that the lanterns which they carried were badly rusted, he was told that this was caused by the dampness of the caves.

The professor's curiosity was awakened. Carefully checking the humidity and temperature, he found them to be approximately the same as those of the French caves where roquefort cheese was made.

Being a cheesemaker, Combs immediately realized the possibilities. For a number of years, he and his associates at the

University of Minnesota's Dairy Department experimented.

He knew that many had attempted this work in other parts of the country but had failed because they did not have the right working conditions. But they were successful. Today cheese ripened there rivals cheese formerly imported from France and Italy in flavour and texture.

This cheesemaking is an exact science. Even the mould which is used to inoculate the cheese is made with great care. Leaves of dry bread are spread with

selected types of mould growth. The leaves are ground to a fine powder when the mould has thoroughly spread through them. It is so fine it can be sifted into the cheese with an ordinary salt shaker.

Today millions of dollars worth of delicious roquefort-like cheeses are being sold. Undoubtedly they will make the caves where they are ripened as famous as are those in France where this cheese has been made for centuries.

Long Ago—A Great Forest Turns To Stone

IN the petrified Forest National Park of Arizona there is a whole forest of trees that have turned to stone. Most of these trees lie on the ground like fallen giants. But one of them forms a natural bridge across a ravine 20 feet deep.

What made these trees, once like any others, change to stone?

Scientists say that many years ago Arizona was a fertile land with forests and an inland sea. Then something turned the land upside down. It may have been an earthquake, a landslide, or a volcano.

The result was that hundreds of trees were pushed over and



covered with tons of rock, sand, or volcanic ashes.

After the trees fell, the liquid sap in their cells dried up. Water seeped down to the deeply buried logs. As it seeped, the water dissolved quartz and other minerals found in the soil.

This mineral-loaded water lodged inside the cells where sap had been before.

Gradually cell by cell wood

tissue was exchanged for minerals that the water had deposited. The shape of the cells stayed the same, so did the bark, but they turned to stone.

Much the same thing happened to the trees that fell into the sea. Years and years later the sea dried up. The earth was blue, red, yellow and purple.

These logs had bark and rings showing their annual growth, just like ordinary trees. But

they were hard, solid rock instead of wood. In colour they were blue, red, yellow, purple, or green.

The Indians used rainbow-coloured stone chips from the logs for money. They also fashioned them into arrowheads, knives, drills, hammers.

Finally white men found the petrified forest. They took tons of the wood to use for table tops, paper weights, jewellery. For a while it looked as if the whole forest would be carried away.

To keep this from happening, Congress placed the forest under the protection of the government.

—AYLESA FORSEE

How It Happened—Those 'Lucky' Horseshoes

SUPERSTITIOUS? "Not exactly," you will say, yet few today will entirely deny that horseshoes don't have a certain charm for them.

Even many of our public officials as well as the world's great have held similar opinions.

People today differ in their

opinions as to just why these magical powers were attributed to the horseshoe. Some say it is due to the iron (considered sacred in ancient times). We are told that Romans of those

days drove iron nails into the walls of their homes as an antidote to the plague. They considered it a lucky omen when they found any object made of iron.

Many argue that the horseshoe's reputation is due to its shape. Being crescent-shaped like the moon, it acquired the moon's supernatural power to ward off the evil eye.

Others contend that the horseshoe's powers were due to

the seven nails used to fasten it to the horse's hoof and that it was only a cast-off shoe found in the road which could be considered a good luck charm.

But just believing that horseshoes bring good luck is not enough for some people. They must hang them in certain ways to bring the best of luck. Some hang the shoe with the toe down "so the luck won't run out." Others point the heels downward in imitation of the sacred halo.

—By Josephine M. Opsahl

Fun Project—Some Games For Swimming Fun

WHEN your friends get tired of swimming practice and sunbathing, your swimming pool fun isn't over. This is the time to have more fun with swimming games.

The first one is Pilot Ping-pong.

This is a good game for shallow water bathers. Two sides line up behind a captain in shallow water. A ping-pong ball is floated in front of each captain. At the count of three the two captains begin the game by trying to pilot the balls across the water by blowing on them. They have to blow their ball across the pool and back again for the next player.

They may not use their hands. To touch the ball or move the water. Using hands counts them

out of the game and the next player must take over where they left off. The first team whose players have all piloted the ball back and forth wins the game.

The second swimming game is called Dive and Seek.

This game is fun for both shallow water and deep water swimmers.

Dive and Seek will remind you of Hide and Seek. All the players except the leader line up on one side of the pool and cover their eyes. The leader has an object, preferably shiny for easy seeing. Like a stone wrapped in aluminium foil.

When all eyes are covered the leader hides the object somewhere in the pool, being

very careful to place it quietly so that the splash won't give away the hiding place.

Then the leader calls out: "Dive and Seek!" All players begin the watery search and the first one to find the object is the leader who hides it the next time.

The third game is not only fun to play but improves your leg work too. It's called Paddle Boat Race. All the swimmers line up against the side of the pool with arms outstretched.

At a whistle from the person who acts as steamboat captain they all push off, and with faces in the water, arms out stiff, they paddle across the pool. (The paddle should be some special type of kick for good practice, the flutter kick, or the scissors, etc.) The first swimmer to touch wins.

—MANUEL ALMADA

Our World—Tidal Waves Are Really 'Seaquakes'

IN 1942 a "tidal wave" struck an area near Bengal, India, and drowned 10,000 people.

The world began to ask questions about "tidal waves" and scientists have been busy answering them.

A "tidal wave" can rise as high as 15 feet and be as long as 30 miles.

This two miles of length for every foot of height gives a "tidal wave" a flat look. In the distance, it merely looks like a fast-approaching dark line.

A "tidal wave" is full of danger, not only because of its fantastic size and irresistible weight. Depending on the depth of the ocean where it starts, a "tidal wave" can travel at speeds up to 400 and 500 miles per hour.

The authority for these figures is Waldo Smith of the American Geophysical Union.

Mr. Smith also explains that "tidal waves are not tidal waves," because they are NOT caused by the tides. The moon's gravity pull which creates "high tides and low tides" every day has nothing to do with the cause of "tidal waves."

The proper name for what we know as a "tidal wave" is the oceanographer's term, "the seismic sea wave."

"Tidal" or "seismic sea waves" start with earthquakes and giant landslides at the bottom of the ocean floor.

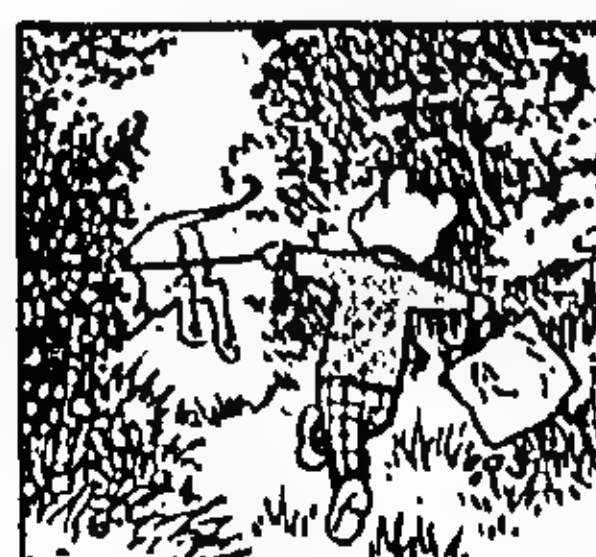
When a top-heavy "mountain" on the ocean-bottom topples into an ocean "valley," a "tremendous amount of energy is released."

The same thing happens when an ocean-bottom earthquake occurs, a sort of gigantic "rock 'n' roll" movement.

The ocean-bottom upheaval acts as the "rock" motion with the billions and billions of water particles providing the "roll."

—MANUEL ALMADA

Rupert and Floppity—13



After paying for his shopping Rupert starts homeward towards Nutwood. "Floppity" behaving very nicely now," he thinks. "He's not trying to go off on any side track at all." And indeed the dog seems to know the



exact line to take, going faster and faster until he launches between two bushes so strongly that the leash is dragged from Rupert's wrist. Trying to grab it the little bear goes sprawling and his purchases are scattered.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

HOW TO MAKE A WASTE BASKET

1. PAINT A 2 1/2 GALLON ICECREAM CONTAINER ALL OVER WITH RUBBER BASE PAINT.

2. CUT OUT PICTURES OF YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS FROM THE SUNDAY COMIC SECTION OF YOUR NEWSPAPER. GLUE THEM IN A BORDER AROUND CARTON.

3. PUNCH TWO HOLES 3 INCHES APART AND 2 IN. DOWN FROM THE TOP EDGE OF THE CONTAINER.

4. CUT TWO 12 INCH PIECES OF COTTON CLOTHLINE ROPE AND TIE THEM THROUGH THE HOLES FOR HANDLES.

USE IT TO KEEP YOUR ROOM CLEAN!

—MANUEL ALMADA

About Columbus

HISTORIANS often call him the discoverer of America, "The World's Most Mysterious Man" because there are so many things that they don't know about him. Can you correctly answer the following questions?

1. Did Queen Isabella actually sell her jewels to finance his first voyage?

2. How long did his first voyage to the West Indies take? Two weeks, eight weeks, 32 weeks, 50 weeks?

3. How many trips did he make?

4. What did he call the people he found in the New World?

5. Was Columbus trying to prove that the world was round?

6. Can you name the ships used on the first voyage?

7. Did Columbus establish a colony in the New World?

8. Did Columbus reach the mainland of the American continent?

9. Is Columbus buried in the land he discovered?

Answers:

1. "Yes," she sold her jewels to finance his first voyage.

2. "Two weeks," his first voyage to the West Indies took two weeks, eight weeks, 32 weeks, 50 weeks.

3. "Three," he made three trips to the New World.

4. "Indians," he called the people he found in the New World.

5. "No," Columbus was trying to prove that the world was round.

6. "The Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Nina," the ships used on the first voyage.

7. "No," Columbus did not establish a colony in the New World.

8. "Yes," Columbus reached the mainland of the American continent.

9. "No," Columbus is not buried in the land he discovered.

—MANUEL ALMADA

An Odd Pair Of Pixies

—They Had One Job That Was Oddest Of All—

By MAX TRELL

IT was always fun when Knarl and Hand, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, were lucky enough to meet Pixie O'Yarn. For of all the Pixies who lived in the Old Oak, Pixie O'Yarn had the best stories to tell.

So it was with joy that Knarl and Hand found Pixie O'Yarn sitting on a mossy twig under the shade of the Old Oak. He was just getting ready to pull his oak-leaf hat over his eyes and take a nap.

"Tell us a story, please!" Hand begged.

"Come back later," Pixie O'Yarn told them.

Knarl kept him from covering his eyes with the oak-leaf hat.

No Rest For Him

"All right, all right," Pixie O'Yarn said at last, smiling. "I see that I'll get no rest until I do tell you one. Have you heard the story of Pixie O'Yarn and Pixie O'Yarn?"

The two Shadows shook their heads.

"Well," began Pixie O'Yarn, "Pixie O'Yarn and Pixie O'Yarn got up at night, went to bed late and worked the hardest of any of the Pixies. While the other Pixies were out in the meadow attending to the mushroom patch, Pixie O'Yarn and Pixie O'Yarn were doing all sorts of odd jobs.

"They were given these odd jobs because they were odd themselves.

"Pixie O'Yarn was so round, it was hard to tell whether he was standing or sitting. Pixie O'Yarn was so tall and thin that if it weren't for his arms, which always swung loosely at his sides, you would have surely mistaken him for a blade of grass.

Worked Together

"And although Pixie O'Yarn only came up to Pixie O'Yarn's knees, and Pixie O'Yarn looked one step every time Pixie O'Yarn took five, they were very fond of each other and always worked together.

"Now, I suppose you're curious about the kind of odd jobs they did," Pixie O'Yarn went on. "They were very odd indeed.

"For example, if a Beetle fell off a rock and landed on his back and couldn't turn over again, Pixie O'Yarn and Pixie O'Yarn were the ones to roll him out and put it back on its feet again. Or if a Snail came to the edge of a brook and wanted to get to the other side, Pixie O'Yarn and Pixie O'Yarn would get it across.

"Or if Dandelions all turned white and blew away, Pixie O'Yarn and Pixie O'Yarn were



The Shadows asked Pixie O'Yarn to tell them a story.

the ones to scatter around and make sure that each of the little snuffs landed in the proper place for more Dandelions to grow. They also had to help Grasshoppers hop over high fences.

"They had to treat Mice for toothache when they gnawed through too many walls. They had to treat Earthworms who were pinched by the sharp bills of Robins. But the hardest job of all was—

Pixie O'Yarn stopped stretched himself and once more tried to pull his oak-leaf hat over his eyes.

"No! Tell us! Tell us!" cried Knarl.

"What was their hardest job?" begged Hand.

"Just try to guess," said Pixie O'Yarn.

Knarl said: "It's to light up the Fireflies!"

"No," replied Pixie O'Yarn, "that's not it."

Dry The Grass

Hand said it was to dry off all the blades of grass after a rain.

Again Pixie O'Yarn shook his head.

"I guess you'll never guess," he said. "I'll have to tell you."

"The hardest job that Pixie O'Yarn and Pixie O'Yarn ever had was to walk down a road with their arms around each other's shoulder! For you mustn't forget that Pixie O'Yarn and Pixie O'Yarn were the ones to roll him out and put it back on its feet again. Or if a Snail came to the edge of a brook and wanted to get to the other side, Pixie O'Yarn and Pixie O'Yarn would get it across.

"Or if Dandelions all turned white and blew away, Pixie O'Yarn and Pixie O'Yarn were

With that, Pixie O'Yarn finally pulled the oak-leaf hat over his eyes and went to sleep.

QUICK ANSWER

Science Teacher: "Class, here is a map of the world. Can anyone tell me what turns without moving?"

Entire class: "Milk. It turns sour."

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

TEDDY ROOSEVELT REBUS

Use the words and pictures to full advantage to find the four facts about Teddy Roosevelt that Puzzle Pete has hidden in this rebus:



SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

Help Puzzle Pete out by straightening out his sentence about President Theodore Roosevelt:

Roosevelt youngest history President Buffalo, president became U.S. the of in upon Theodore in death the McKinley.

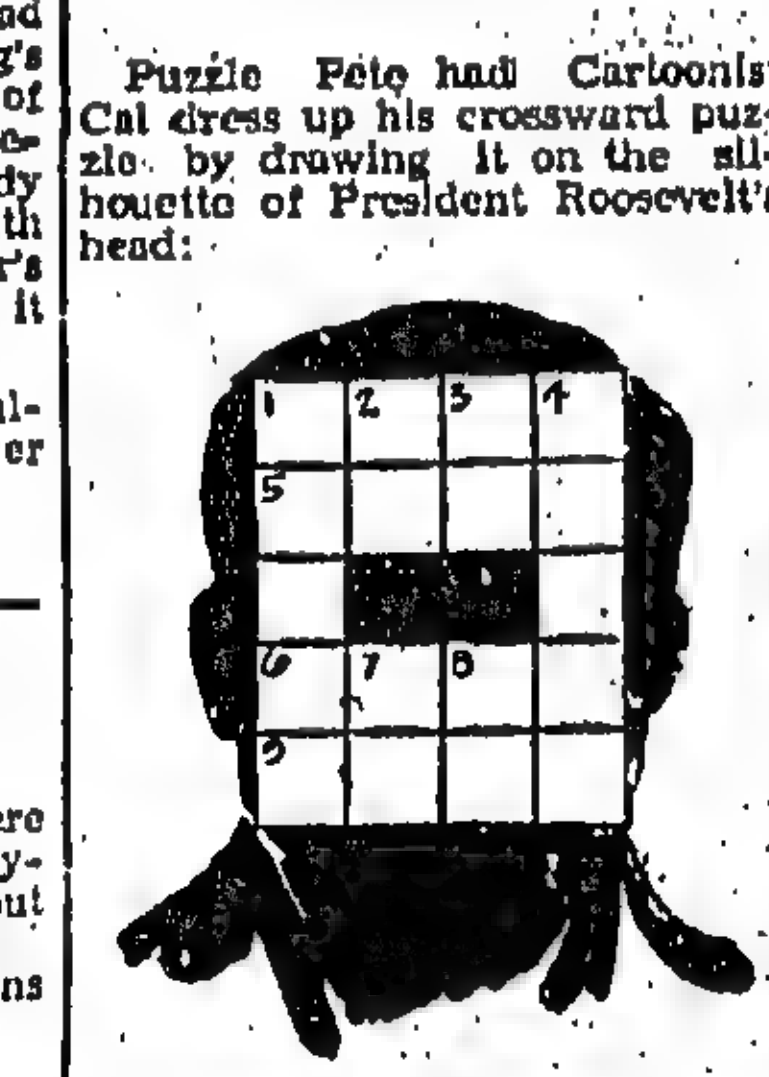
CHILDREN MIX-UPS

President Roosevelt had four sons and two daughters. Find their names by rearranging the letters in these strange lines:

BEEL CHIA
DOOR THREE
MERIT KEE
HEAD IT CROW
En QUINT
BALI CHARD

CROSSWORD

Puzzle Pete had Cartoonist Cal dress up his crossword puzzle by drawing it on the silhouette of President Roosevelt's head:



ACROSS

1. Sailors
5. Revise
6. Completed
9. Period of time

DOWN

1. President Roosevelt's nickname
2. Paid notice in a newspaper
3. Rhode Island (ab.)
4. Pilot
7. Old English (ab.)
8. North American (ab.)

DIAMOND

President Roosevelt was a graduate of HARVARD, which gives Puzzle Pete a centre for his word diamond. The second word is "to dabble"; third "challenged"; fifth "trulla"; and sixth an abbreviation for "doctor." Can you finish the diamond?

H
A
R
V
A
R
D
A
D
D
(Solutions on Page 10)

4000KSWHO

GOOD! GOATS DO NOT REALLY EAT CANS, BUT IT IS TRUE THAT THEY WILL LICK OR CHEW ANYTHING WHICH MAY CONTAIN MINERALS.

THE LOGGERS HEAD TURTLE WILL LAY AS MANY AS ONE THOUSAND EGGS AT ONE TIME.

THE ADULT LIFE OF THE MAY FLY ENDS WITHIN A FEW HOURS BECAUSE THIS INSECT CANNOT DIGEST FOOD.

MOST FELT HATS ARE MADE FROM RABBIT FUR. THE FINEST HATS ARE MADE FROM BEAVER FUR AND OTHER FURS USED INCLUDE HARE, NUTRIA AND MUSKRAT.

ROBERT GLENTON tests the Austin Healey Sprite

Just watch your wife put her foot down!

IT was this month's only fair morning. And there we were, all driving to work. No temper, no impatience. The sunshine slanted through the exhaust fumes, and we were thinking beautiful thoughts. About getting an increase in pay; of a holiday in the Caribbean. Even arriving home with a mink coat for the wife.

If Billy Graham had been an A.A. scout we couldn't have been a more lovable lot.

That was until an open sports car roared past with the throat-clearing growl of a racing gear change. I honestly think we would have all smiled benevolently if it hadn't been for the driver. It was a woman. A neat, matronly woman.

Odd thing

Gone was the sunshine. Gone the good will. We took off in red-faced, full cry. Snarling, bullying, we were jammed in the next roundabout six deep, like an audience fleeing through a theatre front door when the management announces there has been a small conflagration, and will we please keep our seats.

Fortunately the sports car turned off down a side street, and we saved a little of our face.

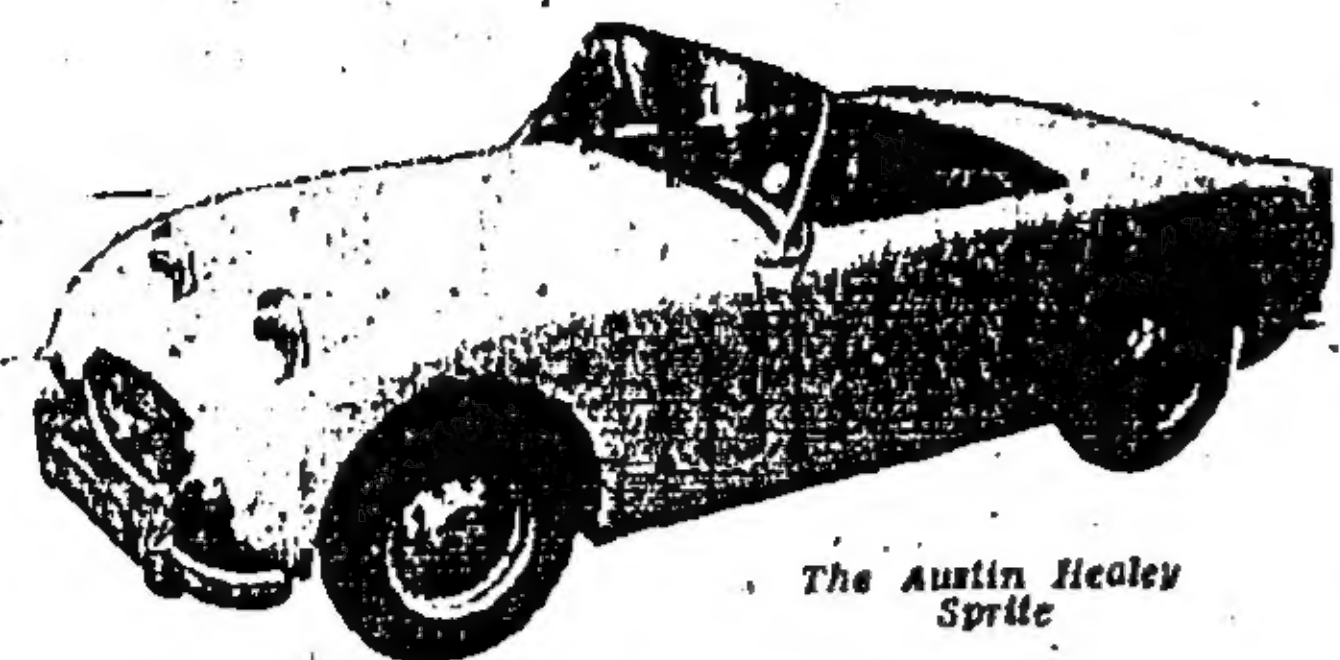
It's an odd thing. Only the most reactionary of hidebound men will now insist that women can't drive. But it is an inalienable affront to be carved up by a skilful, fast, feminine motorist.

I'm afraid that we are going to be affronted a lot more from now on.

For I have now tested the new Healey Sprite, and I can't imagine there will be many wives who will not insist on driving it once it is in the family garage.

I'm not patronising the car. I'm not suggesting that it is not worth serious masculine thought as a small sports car. But it is so light to handle, so gentle to drive, and so free from that thunderous din that people mistake for performance.

The first attraction of this car of course is its price. It is by



The Austin Healey Sprite



The whole bonnet lifts up

far the cheapest real sports car that one can buy.

This shows itself only in very small ways: rubber floor mats, thin door handles... things you can't possibly complain about.

So shapely

The snag with producing a cheap car, is that most makers have to get a first-class body designer. B.M.C. have.

The Sprite is shapely. The entire bonnet lifts up to give access to the engine.

Although raising it calls for an amount of manual labour, it at least gives the average owner complete freedom to get to work with a spanner.

For the rest, B.M.C. have used almost entirely well-known components from their other cars.

The steering is pure Morris Minor. It is spindly and precise and delicate. So much so that the heavy-handed driver might easily find himself shaking a bit at first.

The gear change is good with the exception of a too long floor-mounted gear lever that practically removed my thumb nail on the dashboard within minutes. The gear ratios themselves are not ideal. First and second are much too low.

In third gear and top the acceleration is vivid enough to suit the most unfortunate book-

maker. One can see over the horizon at 80 miles an hour.

GLENTON'S SCORE CARD		
	pts.	Remarks
Engine	10	As big a heart as I have met.
Steering	8	The light fingered could give 10.
Acceleration	8	Lower gear too close.
Supersession	8	Very firm.
Cornering	8	Not often skittish.
Comfort	10	COULD be better about the points.
Finish	10	There is nothing at the price to compare it with.
Gear change	7	Smooth, but inflexible.

Despite its tiny, unobtrusive engine the Sprite is a sports car. So I drove it headlong for over 200 miles.

There was never the suggestion of an incident. What did I find? It is quite possible to make the back end of the car skid away, but one has to be harsh to do it, and even then it is easy to check.

There was never a suggestion of fade from the brakes. Because of the big room and the splendid bucket seats I climbed out un-rattled, and ready to double the distance.

The engine was still as smooth and silent. Only the gear change showed a tendency to stiffen up.

This is simply a two-seater. No amount of imagination can crowd in a third human. Not even if you dismember him and tuck him in the boot, for there is very little luggage space. It is full of spare wheel... and the lowered hood.

And my finest praise! This is the first hood I have managed to take down and put up without having to look round for an acetylene cutter, three bandages, and a few missing fingers.

The figures

Now for performance: GEAR SPEEDS: Top, 80 miles an hour; third, 64 miles an hour; second, 38 miles an hour. The speedometer was 3.5 miles an hour fast at 60 miles an hour. ACCELERATION: 0-30 miles an hour; 5.4secs.; 0-50 miles an hour; 13.5secs.

FUEL CONSUMPTION: Driven flat out, around 33 miles a gallon.

FOR THE TECHNICAL: Engine, four cylinder, overhead valve, 948 c.c.; brake horse power, 45 at 5,500 r.p.m.; Suspension, front, independent, coil spring; rear, quarter elliptic, anti roll bar.

PRICE: £245. Total, including tax, £268 17s.

WILL IT FIT YOUR GARAGE? Length, 11ft. 5 1/2ins.; width, 4ft. 5 1/2ins.; height (with hood), 4ft. 1 1/2ins.

THE PEACEFUL TANK

IN the quiet Yorkshire town of Mexborough a 26-ton British Centurion tank is being put to peaceful use. A haulage contractor, Mr Thomas Briggs is using it to level off a field behind the Fureybooth Inn. An ordinary bulldozer had failed to produce any effect on the surface of the field and Mr Briggs decided to use the Centurion, which is one of four he bought two months ago. "It's just the job for this sort of heavy work," he said. "The four Centurions have already paid for themselves in demolition jobs."

BEEES CAN'T BE POSTED TO CANADA

A 650-PAGE Post Office Guide just issued says, among other things, you must not post bees to Canada, or to Brazil, or to the Argentine, playing cards to the Canary Islands, saucy pin to Corcoran, salt to Greece, or football pool coupons to Malta. But you can post live bees to anyone — so long as he does not live in Canada, and provided you pack them properly. Also live leeches and silkworms. If you want to send eggs, poultry, game, rabbits, trout, or vegetables you must use the parcel post. The Guide also warns against using Queen Victoria or King Edward VII stamps as they are obsolete.

• BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

I AM still obsessed with this car-scratching. I remember the Baroness von Lauder-Schauting, an enormous blonde with ears which flapped like loose shutters when she sat in a draught.

She used to scratch alternate cuts with a long ivory-handled gadget engraved with her armorial bearings. One day, while she was walking down a narrow alley in the town of Nibbelburg, a fierce gust of wind caught her ears, and a window on each side of the street was smashed, one by each ear. They were merry days at her schloss. She sold it last year for a song, remarking nonchalantly, "Their profit, my schloss."

In passing

OUR professional politicians have so few privileges that only a carmudgeon will resist their latest attempt to place themselves above the law as it applies to the rest of the country. It is monstrous that the people who make our laws should be subject to them. Before we know where we are (and by the way, where are we?) we shall have hothouse protesting against the freedom

of the House of Commons from drink restrictions.

Off to the party

CERMAINE, my glovest U (Down, Rover!), Mason, ring up the garage! Barrington (down, Rover!), post this letter! Solange, my (down, Rover!) handbag! Beatrice (down, Rover!) down, Rover!) I said down, Rover!) I said down, Rover!) I mean Rover!

Here, there, and everywhere

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE THOUSAND TONS of liquorice were stolen from a barge at Newhaven yesterday. Three thousand seven hundred and forty-one men and a huge woman, all of them took part in the robbery, were questioned by the police, as they removed the stuff.

THREE MEN who were making a boiler in a corner of the Asolan Hall during a concert were cheered by the audience, who thought they were part of the orchestra.

WHILE demonstrating an electric hat to keep the head warm Alfred Fullerton, 34, of Mold Buildings, Nibbelburg dislocated his elbow and fell into a golden pond. He was rescued by a milkman.



RAE JOHNSTONE telling all:

A gamble I lose in the fog

ON A HORSE THAT REALLY GLORIED IN THE MUD!

for a chance to get in when we were off—some of us. Vagabond caught a clout that all but knocked him off his feet as we charged towards the left-hand bend.

We never got in a blow and the whole event was best summarised by "Smirkie" who declared as he slung his mud-soaked saddle on the dressing-room floor: "What was worse than the invasion of Slidy!" Ken Gethin got out of trouble early on and would doubtless have won on Persian Book had not Querneville, swerving under the urgent pressure of Paul Blanc, who saw a four-figure present awaiting him in the goalmouth, moved off a true line and let Jockey Treble in between them.

As it was, an 18-year-old apprentice, Manny Mercer, darted through the opening and got up to win on his 100-1 chance Jockey Treble by a neck from Persian Book, with Querneville another head away third.

The following morning, Tuesday, March 25, the day before the Lincoln, the stewards ordered all races to be run on the round course and dispensed with the starting-gate for all six and seven furlong races.

By Wednesday the track was churned into a sea of mud; there was a doubt whether the 40-string record-sized field for the handicap could be started in one line.

A Scrum

The start was like a Rugby scrum. Anybody who wasn't sweating wasn't trying. And the air was blue, as Captain Chander Pole, the starter, tackled the worst job an official in his position had ever confronted.

"Smirkie" on Roi d'Alou was still appealing to the starter

NEXT WEEK

I nearly turn down a ride for the Queen!

CHAPTER 5: The Rae Johnstone Story, the most sought-after racing account in recent years, has been secured for China Mail readers because it is a frank — often brutally frank — account of his life on and off the race tracks. The Inside Story, the Hottest Story in racing today...

understandably, were tacking round on the outer. It was just a matter of going when we wanted to. But there was still plenty of time. Five and a half furlongs to run and Dornot was just cantering. But cantering,

A Snap

Then suddenly I heard a snap; he faltered. I shouted to anyone who might be following to keep clear, pulled him up, and dismounted. And there it was, a broken fetlock.

I slipped the reins over his head and he bent down to sniff the mud. There was precious little grass to pick where Dornot stood. And there was nothing around but the fog.

Presently a policeman appeared. "What's happened to you?" he asked. I told him to hold the horse and ran up the course to fetch the vet. It was a dismal trek.

"Eh, lad, that's forgotten horse," called a racegoer as I passed the silver ring. And later as I ran along the fence by the main ring I caught: "Well, there's his bloody jockey, anyway."

The Comte came down the track with the vet and the horseflesh was detailed to pick up Dornot. He wouldn't feel much pain—we hoped.

Foiled

Taken to Newmarket, Dornot was kept in stings for several months until he was finally mended. Then he was given to Michael Beary, who sent him to Ireland to stand at stud. And he soon started to get winners. That was the Dornot gamble. Foiled by a chance in a million.

That was, and is, racing.

The Lincoln was not my lucky 1834. Following the narrow 1834 defeat of Quartz, my next attempt was in the freak year, 1947 on one-eyed Vagabond II, who was one of several French horses I found being prepared for the Lincoln when I returned from Australia in February that year. English trainers had been hopelessly held up owing to a bitter winter.

The fact that horses could be kept on the move in France during the big freeze in England (it wasn't so hot our side, either I may add) promoted a seven-strong raiding party for what was to be one of the worst races in which I ever took part.

Although Vagabond had 7th, the seven-year-old, who had his near-side eye kicked out by an unfriendly fellow yearling when he was still running in his paddock, had possibly enough class to pull him through.

His Russian emigre trainer, Joseph Ginzbourg, had him in pretty good shape and his owner M. Victor Dahan went for a good win.

Just before Lincoln the frost relaxed its grip and gave way to severe flooding. Many English

The Rae Johnstone Story will be published later this year by Stanley Paul & Co., Ltd.

JAPAN

for your holiday?

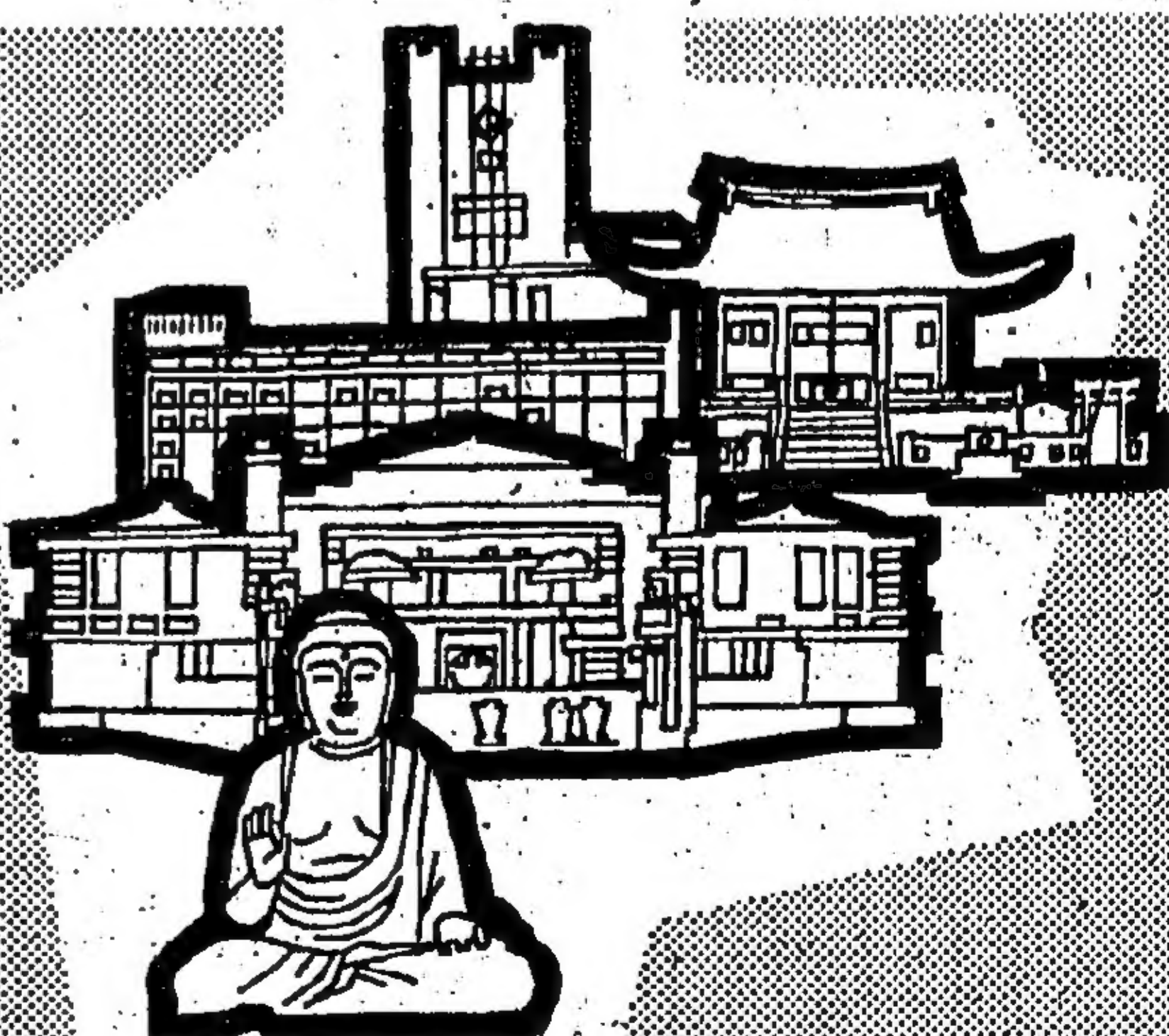
Fly there luxuriously by B.O.A.C.

Britannia

A wonderful holiday awaits you in Japan. Make it more enjoyable by flying there by B.O.A.C. You'll travel swiftly and effortlessly in the world's fastest, smoothest, rider equipped jet-prop aircraft. For epicurean and luxury, fly de Luxe First Class. Or, for travel that costs you less yet has every comfort, fly Tourist Class.

30-DAY TOURIST EXCURSION FARE—HK\$1,268.80

Consult your Travel Agent, or Jardines' Airways Department, Telephone 27711 (24 hour service).



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

THESE ARE THE MEN CHOSEN TO MAKE THE TOUGHEST TOUR IN CRICKET



T. E. BAILEY (Batter, 34) M. C. COWDREY (Kent, 25) T. B. EVANS (Kent, 37) T. W. GRAVENEY (Glos, 31) J. C. LAKER (Surrey, 36) P. J. LOADER (Surrey, 28) G. A. R. LOCK (Surrey, 29) C. A. MILTON (Glos, 30) P. E. RICHARDSON (Worce, 27) J. B. STATHAM (Lancs, 23) R. SODGA ROW (N'hants, 28) N. SWEETMAN (Surrey, 24) F. S. TRUEMAN (York, 27) F. H. TYSON (N'hants, 28) J. H. WARDLE (York, 35) W. WATSON (Leis, 39)

England Team Tipped To Retain The Ashes

TYSON IS SELECTORS' ONLY GAMBLE IN A TEST-WINNING PARTY

Says ALEX BANNISTER

England's 17 players for Australia, announced last evening, will retain the Ashes. I believe the choice represents, in every department, the best selection from the men available. If there is a mild surprise it is the decision to extend the party from 16 as originally intended to include Frank Tyson.

If Ted Dexter, the richly promising Cambridge and Sussex batsman, had been a better bowler, no doubt the party would have stayed at 16 and included Dexter.

But his bowling is not of international standard, and the M.C.C. could hardly have risked him to support Trevor Bailey, our only genuine all-rounder.

A Near-Miss

It was a near-miss for talented Dexter, who, I am certain, will not have a long wait for his touring chance—perhaps to the West Indies in the following winter.

The absence of a second class-act all-rounder made it imperative to raise the party to 17.

Here came the selectors' chance to gamble on Tyson, who with Brian Statham shattered the Australians on Australia's triumphant tour.

For this reason I think the gamble justified, even though Tyson has accomplished nothing of note since either at home or on the last M.C.C. tour of South Africa.

In county cricket he is troubled by the varying interpretations of the drawing law. The Australians, on the other hand, permit dragging, a fact taken into consideration by the M.C.C. selectors, who took just over three hours at Lynton.



Sole Agents: DODWELL & CO., LTD.

GALA PREMIERE

Wednesday, Aug. 6, 1958

AT KING'S & PRINCESS

WORLD FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1958

Played by the teams from 16 Countries

Released by Pathé Overseas Limited



P. B. H. MAY, Capt. (Surrey, 28)

SPORTS QUIZ

- Complete this sequence—Paris, XXXXXX, Los Angeles, XXXXXX, London, XXXXXX, Melbourne.
- Which boxer since the war has won nine world heavy-weight titles and lost four?
- What are the surnames of these famous golfers: (a) Flory, (b) Arthur D'Arcy, (c) Thomas Henry?
- For the first time an Australian has won the British Empire Games marathon. Name please.
- When and where was the Triangular Cricket Tournament held, and which countries competed?
- Which club has won the 1958 European Soccer Cup Competition?
- How many balls are used in: (a) Snooker, (b) Croquet?
- In which sports have these men won world titles: (a) Willie Pep, (b) Joe Davis, (c) Fausto Coppi?
- Where will the VIII British Empire Games be held in 1962?
- "Born 1911 in California... Wimbledon champion in 1932... became No. 1 professional lawn tennis player... then a top professional golfer." What's the name? (Answers on Page 19)

MOST AMAZING RESULT OF THE YEAR

By Derek John

- Jedrzejowska beat E. Fogelman 6-1, 6-1. This result appeared on the scoreboard for last month's final of the Polish women's singles lawn tennis championship in Poznan. I rate it the most amazing result of the year.

Mile. Jadwiga Jedrzejowska is 47 years old and this was the twenty-first time she had won the Polish singles title. She reached the Wimbledon singles final in 1937, a year before her latest victim, Miss Ewa Fogelman, was born.

"Jaja", as she is always called, has not failed to win the Polish title since 1929. I cannot recall any woman who has dominated her country's tennis for so many years.

DEVASTATING DRIVE

The main feature of her game is a devastating forehand drive. It enabled her to overcome such great players as Alice Marble and Helen Jacobs.

"Jaja" reached the singles final at Forest Hills and Wimbledon in 1937, and her Wimbledon final was one of the most exciting in the history of the Championships.

The Polish girl lost the first set 2-6, won the second 6-2, and led 4-1 in the third. But Dorothy Round of Great Britain made a tremendous come-back to take the deciding set 7-5. It was the last time a non-American won the title.

Ruthless, Fearless George Swindin Pulls No Punches ARSENAL'S NEW BOSS MAY WORK THE Highbury MIRACLE

By ALAN HOBY

For six years I have watched the decline and decay of Arsenal. Once the summit-side of English football, they are now considered little more than a poor job—even by their own supporters. Gone is the greatness which won them seven League Championships and three Cup Finals. Gone is the individual dazzle and collective know-how which mesmerised the crowds.

And gone are the stars—magic names like James and Bastin, Hapgood and Mercer, Barnes and Legg—which once made the name "Arsenal" the most envied in football.

Ridicule....

Let's face it. In recent seasons Arsenal have become a team of nobodies going nowhere. They have sunk lower and lower until, instead of respect, they now invite ridicule.... It was against this background of gloom that last week the Arsenal directors unveiled their plans and announced the appointment of George Swindin as the new boss of Highbury.

And right away I predict that 43-year-old Mr. George Hedley Swindin of the Jelling Law is going to hand out some rude shocks when he takes over at Highbury next week. Last week I visited him at Peterborough, where for the past four and a half years he has managed non-League Peterborough United with outstanding success.

Hammerings

It has not been a kid-glove rule. Indeed, he can be ruthless. "I've hammered my players here when there's been slackness," he told me. "That's what a manager is for." "I've even hammered them sometimes when they're wrong! Then I shut the door and not even the board have dared to come in."

"I don't believe in complacency. Mind you, I'll always defend my men in front of others. I'm strictly a players' man. All I ask in return is that they give me all they've got in training and in play."

There are three things I like about George Swindin. ★ He knows his own mind. He played his first game in goal when he was 15. His father, a water meter foreman, he invented a special meter for measuring water—bought him a football for Christmas.

"We went out into our back garden. I put down two bricks for a goal and asked my father to shoot in. I never find any more."

UNDERWATER RECORD

The underwater record for swimmers has been broken by a 22-year-old American, Red Stevens. He has spent 31 hours 10 minutes at the bottom of a swimming pool in New Jersey.

Red went underwater with air tanks on his back and weighed bells round his waist.

His first words when he emerged from the pool: "Boy, I feel wet."

doubt I was to be a goalkeeper.... ★ He is full of ideas. To revive the great name of Arsenal Swindin told me that the club would have to spend money. Although there is a scarcity of good footballers, Arsenal will either buy or produce stars.

An Institution

"Arsenal aren't any club," said George. "They are—or were—a national institution. I remember when I first went there from Bradford City. I was met at King's Cross Station by George Allison, then manager, and Tom Whitaker. Later, when I first stepped into the impressive Highbury entrance hall, I thought: 'This is the greatest club in the world.'"

"That's the atmosphere, the Highbury touch, the pride of club we've got to get back." Call it the Swindin Spirit, but Arsenal's new boss will demand that his footballers: 1. Concentrate on better ball play; 2. Roll up their sleeves like Wilf Copping when the going gets rough.

"We must go out too, and find our own young players—join the small circle of clubs, Wolves, Manchester United, and others, who do this," he says. "And we will give young professionals three years to make good."

The scouting system at Highbury will also be overhauled. ★ The third thing I like about Swindin is his courage. Nine years ago in a bitter Cup tie at Derby I saw him hurl himself sideways at a cannon-drive from Scotland's Billy Steel.

Joked It Off

The ball was travelling like a bullet, and George crashed straight into an upright in a vain bid to remove, damaged his right eye and nearly taking his neck off his shoulders. After the match, which Arsenal lost by the odd goal, I found my way down to the dressing-room.

There was George, dazed, shaken, and with a bright pink swelling round his right eye like one of those vividly coloured electric bulbs.

But he just joked it off when I asked him if he could tell me what had happened. It took a lot of prodding before he confessed that "for a moment I thought I had lost my eye."

Altogether, during his career with Arsenal—it lasted 16 years from 1930 to 1946—George Swindin played in 400 first-team games, broke an arm, had two cartilages removed, received a concussion, and was repeatedly knocked out diving at forwards' feet.

At Peterborough, Swindin, a mixture of homespun perfectionist and handyman, forced

through many revolutionary changes. He insisted, despite opposition from club supporters, on ploughing up the entire pitch one summer. "I wanted to get better turf," he told me. "I did." He has designed a special running track for the Peterborough players. He has supervised many of the structural details of the new 8,000-seated stand.

'Old Pals' Act

On the playing side Peterborough won the Midland League title three years running. They were never once champions before Swindin came. They also reached the fourth round of the F.A. Cup for the first time, and it is now a recognised scandal that only the annual "Jolly old pals" act of the League clubs has kept them out of the Third Division.

I left the cathedral city of Peterborough doing amiably in the midday sunshine. Not so George Hedley Swindin.



His photographic mind was already reaching out into the future—and to Highbury.

"There are team weaknesses which will have to be remedied," he told me. In a voice which suggested that he knows exactly what he is doing and where he is going. "Of course, it's a big challenge and a big job," George added as we said goodbye. "But I'll have a go. Somebody's got to do it, so why not me?"

The Miracle

Why not, indeed... Highbury, I fancy, is in for the father and mother of a shake-up this season.

You know, I think that, with a little luck, go-getter George may work that Highbury miracle after all.

FOOTNOTE.—Stanley Matthews, who has recently returned from a tour of Australia and Hongkong, tells me that Arsenal are still the No. 1 glamour team out in the world soccer fields.

"Wherever I went—Los Angeles, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Hongkong—they all asked how Arsenal were getting along," says Stanley. "Not for them the Manchester United, the Wolves, or the Newcastle. It was Arsenal they wanted to hear about."

Greatest Fillip To County Cricket If Hampshire Could Win Championship

By ARCHIE QUICK

The greatest fillip county cricket could receive would be for Hampshire to win the Championship. That is the opinion of—of all people—Surrey's new and energetic Secretary, Commander Babb. "Not that we shall not go all out to retain the title, and be happy to do so," he added.

Commander Babb's words will be echoed by many lovers of the game, for Hampshire are one of the "unfashionable" counties who have sprung into prominence lately. They have never won the Championship although they have produced many great players for England in the past. What is more the game was cradled at historic Broadhalfpenny Down at Hambledon.

The Supreme Honour

It is strange that with old-time giants like Lord Tennyson, Fry, Lawley, Mead, Kennedy, Newman and the rest of their impressive company, the "Hogs" have never achieved the supreme honour. It is all for the good for the title to go round, and, after all, Surrey have monopolised for six years now, and before that Yorkshire were dominant.

New skipper with bright ideas, Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie says the odds are still on Surrey "but they will know they have been in a fight to win and have finished with them next month." As before an ex-Royal Naval Officer, Colin—former Eton prodigy but—brings a refreshing change to his play and his declarations, and he told me that he has been asked if he is available for the Australian tour this winter. "Of course, I said 'yes,' but I don't think I shall get in," he said.

Best Oponer

Colin is lucky to have the men to back him up in the County's great bid. Currently, and apart from Peter May, opener Roy Marshall is the best batsman in the country; certainly the best of all the No. 1s. What a pity he is not qualified for England! The West

Indians would be the ideal starting partner for Peter Richardson.

As it happens, bowler Derek Shackleton is finding inspiration in his recent season, and as Marshall is on the 1,000 runs mark so Derek has passed his 100 wickets for the first time.

Hampshire's captain is also happy about the improved bowling form of six fine Malcolm Hoath. He can reach his 100 wickets for the first time, and is paying the county dividends for their patience in coaching him for over four years.

Says "Ingleby—Mackenzie: "People say the Bournemouth and Portsmouth wickets are ideally suited to our seamers. Perhaps they are, but we play the majority of our matches at Southampton, and, anyhow, the opposition bowlers have the same chances to get us out."



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Is There A Place For Professional Sport In Hongkong?

By I. M. MACTAVISH

"WHY IS THERE NO PROFESSIONAL SPORT IN HONGKONG?"

That was the question thrown at me out of the blue when I had occasion to discuss certain aspects of Colony amenities with an important visitor the other day.

Resisting the very obvious temptation to relate the smouldering rumours connected with our football affairs I enquired why the question was being asked at all.

"Hongkong is nowadays a great crossroad of the world's Far Eastern skyways..." said the American visitor, "and when bigger and faster aircraft start coming in to Kai Tak your Colony will become a 'between-meals' journey from several important centres of professional sport."

"You are very obviously vitally interested in capturing a big slice of the international tourist trade and it would be a further attraction to travellers if they knew that super sporting attractions awaited them."

"There is a thriving boxing and wrestling 'industry' in Singapore and Bangkok; Manila also has a very virile boxing set-up while some of the most famous grapplers in the world have wrestled in such places as the Rizal Stadium; Japan has become a world class force in boxing and it is not surprising that the birth place of Judo should also have a very active wrestling public."

"These countries are your next door neighbours but other great centres of professional sport like Australia, New Zealand, USA, and even the United Kingdom are being brought closer every day."

Ideally Suited

"From what I hear about the public in Hongkong it seems to me that if they are willing to pay—as they undoubtedly do—for amateur sport, they would surely be ready to pay good prices for the privilege of watching the world's best performers in action... especially if they should be in action against local opposition."

"Your fine winter climate would be ideally suited for stinging baseball, boxing, wrestling and even tennis or basketball in your big stadium."

"There is nothing degrading in being a professional sports-

man today and the world is only too willing to reward good performers handsomely for their efforts."

"I cannot believe the youth of Hongkong is any less capable of making a success of professional sport than the young men—and women—of many less well endowed communities."

"To the powers-that-be in Hongkong I say they must think very seriously about this aspect of your Colony's development. The greatest names in the world of sport are looking for new places to visit and, while you may for a time at least, enjoy the 'elites' of illustrious professional tennis stars who drop in occasionally, I'm sure the real attraction would be in seeing them in action against local opposition of the right class and under the right conditions."

Unlimited Field

"The field of possibilities is unlimited. As I see it boxing, wrestling, tennis, golf, basketball and table tennis are ideally suited for this place. That is not intended to be an exhaustive list. There are probably many more possibilities... and if your people are really serious about putting your name on the map in blazing letters then here is one way they could do it."

realise it could not be done in a week, or a month, or a year; it must be a long term policy but I would pay rich dividends in due course."

"Well... well... well... what do you think of that tirade? I must confess I rather shook me particularly as I had gone to discuss something quite different with the person concerned."

Burning Question

It is true of course that Singapore has glorified its name by its association with some of the big names in professional sport. Great personalities have performed there against either imported expatriates or local opposition and there is not the slightest doubt that professional sport—in which success is essential to progress and eminence—can provide very thrilling entertainment. The burning question is whether it would prosper in Hongkong."

Opinions on the subject will certainly be at wide variance. There are those people who cannot see a scrap of good in professional sport and by the same token there are those who believe that 'good' is relative and that the financial gains of a professional do not

constitute a detrimental influence. There is good and bad in professionalism just as there is good and bad in amateurism and in these changing times the term 'amateur' is losing its puritan significance as fast as the untruth of being not-quite-nice is being eradicated from most professional sporting activities."

The subject is indeed a controversial one involving as it does many far reaching considerations. Maybe you would like to discuss it or even argue it out among yourselves. If you would like to air any of your views in this column I would be delighted to co-operate."

★ ★ ★

During Blackpool's visit to Hongkong it was suggested to me on several occasions that I might write an article about the team's performances here for the information of the football public back in the United Kingdom.

In response to one of these requests I forwarded a story to one of the leading North of England newspapers and, as a result, a very deserving charity in Blackpool has received a handsome donation in the name of its readers of this column in the 'China Mail'."

Even in that there is a rather delightful little football story which is worth retelling. When the editor of the newspaper decided to publish the article he was directed to forward a donation to charity in lieu of a fee and he looked around for a suitable cause."

On that very same day Stanley Matthews sponsored and opened an exhibition of famous sporting trophies in aid of the Blackpool and Fylde Society for the Blind. Indeed a happy coincidence."

In his letter on the subject the editor says "...and I think this link with the man who gave such glamour to the tour

seems to make the Society an obvious choice at the present time. I hope you approve my selection, but, of course, I am sure you will."

There could not have been a better arrangement and I am certain that readers of this column will be happy indeed to be associated with the donation which has gone to the Blackpool and Fylde Society for the Blind. Incidentally, Frank Howarth, that fine cricketer who has made such a big contribution to the game in Hongkong, is still well remembered in Blackpool where he bowled them out in the days gone by."

In a postscript, the letter I have mentioned above says "Please convey our good wishes to Frank Howarth. We have the fondest recollections of him."

Calling Frank... the good wishes are hereby conveyed... with pleasure."

★ ★ ★

The return of Mr W. S. T. Loney to the Presidency of the Hongkong Football Association will be warmly welcomed by most people connected with the game in the Colony."

This grand sportsman rendered great presidential service in the past and there were many who felt that he should never have been out of office. I am one of them and as followers of the MacTavish Column will recall I said some pointed things on this very subject just a year ago."

The return of Mr Loney is both timely and fortuitous for the HKFA has several thorny problems to solve in the immediate future and there is no one better qualified to give good counsel and wise, level headed advice... than this forthright gentleman from Kowloon."

Apart from the change in the Presidency it is very much a case of the status quo as far as other representation on the

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



THIS is the Gin



Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stand's Supreme

Sole Distributor: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS

Chinese Croods & Customs Vol. I	\$18.00
Chinese Croods & Customs Vol. II	18.00
Baby Book	25.00
Hongkong Birds (Herklots)	35.00
It's Fun Finding Out — 2nd series (Bernard Wickstead)	5.00
Express Annual	10.00
Rupert Annual 1957-8	4.50
Rupert Magazine	1.00
Ten Points About Pearls	4.50
Points on Judging Jade	1.50
Giles Annual (1957)	5.00
Hong Kong Business Symposium	35.00

On Sale At

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST LTD.

HONGKONG.

KOWLOON

TODAY'S LAWN BOWLS MATCHES MAINLY DAVID-GOLIATH AFFAIRS

After having been interrupted by rain the last two week-ends, the Colony lawn bowls league and open championship matches are expected to go into full swing again this week-end.

The league matches this afternoon will in the main be David versus Goliath affairs, but it is likely that not all the Goliaths will emerge triumphant.

The probability of upsets is very much enhanced this week-end in view of the tiredness of most greens after the heavy washing that they have been receiving during the last few days.

In the first division, the most interesting match will undoubtedly be that between Indian Recreation Club and Kowloon Cricket Club at Sookun-poo.

Much Weaker Team

The Indians are a much weaker team now that one of their skips U. A. Ramdhan is in

hospital, and although they gained a 4-1 decision over CCC "B" on Friday they did not give a very impressive display.

The dockmen on the other hand are an improving team and are now bristling with confidence after their brilliant 4-3 victory over Kowloon Cricket Club last Saturday.

However, today they will be playing under a very heavy handicap—the tricky IRC green. The dockmen may feel the pinch more here because of their being accustomed to their own excellent green.

By

ROBERT TAY

Much will undoubtedly depend on the performance of Willy Davidson's four. Their ability to take the last against whichever IRC four they may draw will be a great moral boost to the Dock's other two rinks and provide a foundation of any upset victory that may be forthcoming.

On paper the Indians are good

for four points but on form they have to give a much better display than they did against the Craigengower juniors to earn these points.

In the other matches Reccelo "A" are certain of four points from Craigengower "B" at the Valley if not five.

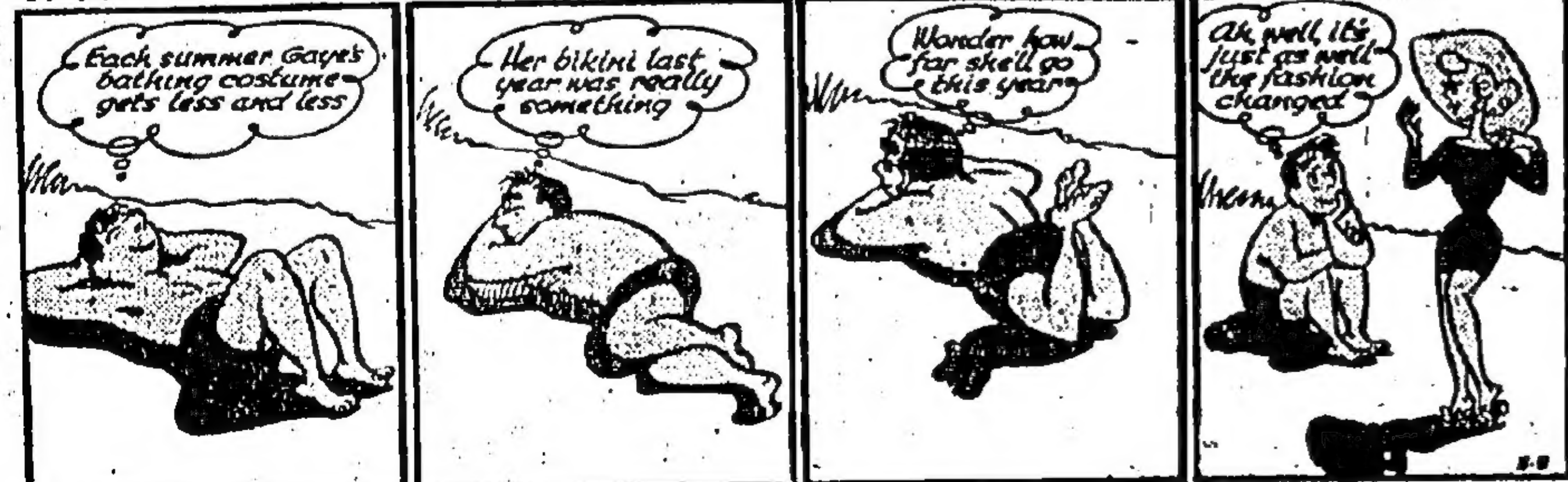
Unpredictable

Kowloon Bowling Green Club are another unpredictable team that may provide some fireworks in today's schedule. Drawn against Craigengower "A" at home, they are fully capable of handing their hosts

the same treatment they did to Kowloon Cricket Club three weeks ago. The fairly heavy green today should be to their liking and I have a feeling that Craigengower will be hard pushed this afternoon before winning by 4-1.

The closest game of the afternoon in this division will probably be that between Reccelo "B" and Talkoo at Reccelo. Both teams are evenly matched and this should be anybody's game from beginning to end. Home green advantage will probably give Reccelo that slight edge over their opponents.

THE GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby



GAS FOR JOY



the real thirst-quencher!



Nothing does it like Seven-Up

SILENTBLOC LTD.
FLEXIBLE BEARINGS, FLEXIBLE
COUPLINGS, ENGINE MOUNTINGS
ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT CO. LTD.
H.K. & Shanghai Bank Bldg. Tel. 27789

CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1958.

Sheaffer's
NEW BALLPOINT
WITH EXCLUSIVE
STERLING SILVER TIP

MORE U.S. TROOPS LAND TO REINFORCE LEBANON

Opposition Demand Chamoun And U.S. Troops Withdrawal

By ALEX VALENTINE

Beirut, Aug. 1.
The Americans today began landing 1,800 men to reinforce their troops in the Lebanon — combat and supply units, engineers and helicopter ambulance units.

The landings will take several days to complete, a U.S. spokesman said. The reinforcements are believed to belong to the 24th Infantry Division, whose airborne combat team arrived a fortnight ago. As the troops unloaded in the port a heavy bomb ripped open a drapers' shop, killing one person and wounding about 10 others.

President Elect
Neither the landing nor the terrorist bomb explosion dispelled the wave of optimism which has swept the country since the election yesterday of the army commander, General Fuad Chehab, as next President. The Finance Minister, Pierre Edde, whose brother Raymond was defeated in the contest for the Presidency, resigned today. Mr. Edde's resignation was given as his ill health and he entered the American hospital for a medical checkup tonight.

No Arms Lay Down

Shops in central Beirut which have been shuttered for over two months reopened today. Newspapers spoke lightly of "stars in the political sky." But the rebels, while apparently ordering a ceasefire, made it clear they had merely stopped using their arms for the present and had no intention of laying them down as yet.

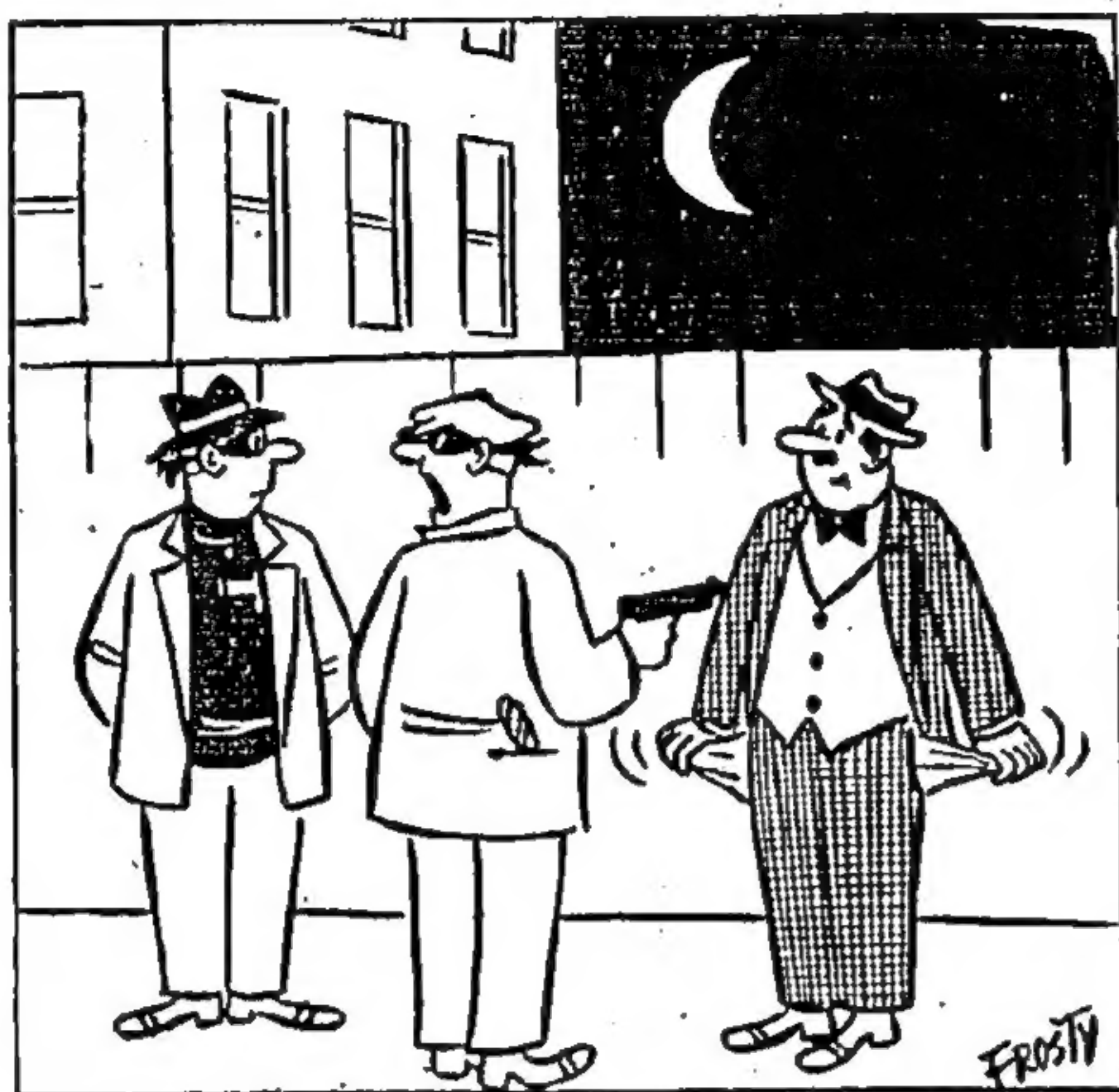
Two main problems remained tonight to be resolved before there was any real hope of bringing the 12-week old insurrection to an end: the fact that President Chamoun remains in office and the presence of United States troops.

President Chamoun has publicly made it clear that he has no intention of surrendering office to General Chehab before the current presidential term expires on September 23. It also seems likely that no official request for withdrawal of American troops will be made before the General assumes office.

U.S. Visit

The opposition, however, insists that until Chamoun steps down and until United States troops at least begin to withdraw they will not declare peace. Reports persisted tonight that a compromise formula had been found, under which President Chamoun would leave

This Funny World



"Taxes are ruining me—
Internal Revenue has beaten me to my last six victims!"

Malta's Dockyard Workers May Be Shareholders

London, Aug. 1.
The commercial ship-repairing firm which is to take over Malta's naval dockyards hopes the Maltese workers themselves will be able to become shareholders.

This was revealed tonight in a British Broadcasting Corpora-

tion interview by Vice-Admiral Sir Gordon Hubbeck, the Fourth Sea Lord, who is to be released soon by the Admiralty to become managing director of the firm.

Declaring that he hoped the Maltese were going to play an "important part" in the pro-

ject, he disclosed that when the dockyard had been fully converted to deal with merchant ships, they hoped to build ancillary industries around it.

These might include air conditioning plant and refrigerators.—Reuter.

FIRST SERVICE ON SOVIET SHIP

London, Aug. 1.

An Australian clergyman has been credited with being the first person to conduct a church service aboard a Soviet ship.

Canon Harry Thorpe, aged 60, of Bathurst, New South Wales, held the service for about 25 British passengers aboard the 7,494-ton liner Baltika on July 27.

When he landed here after a short tour of Russia, he told reporters: "The fact that it was a Russian ship did not deter me."

"The important thing was that it was Sunday and I felt there had to be a service."

"I had no bible, altar or cross and I wrote out the lesson, prayers and hymns from memory."

He said the captain gave permission and, according to the Russian officers it was the first service aboard a Soviet ship.

Canon Thorpe is known in Australia for his work for the troops while a prisoner-of-war in Burma.

—China Mail Special.

Giant Pipeline Project

Paris, Aug. 1.

Nineteen international oil groups have set up a joint company here to study and seek government support for a giant pipeline project linking the Mediterranean and the Rhine, it was announced today.

The company — Societe Du Pipe-line Sud European — plans to pipe crude oil from a French Mediterranean port to inland refineries on the Rhine in the heart of an industrial complex stretching from Switzerland to the Saar and including Lorraine and the German centres of Munich, Stuttgart, Wurtzburg, Frankfurt and Mannheim.

The growing power needs of this area are rapidly outstripping the coal supply. The problem facing the oil companies is how to supply it with the heavy industrial fuel oil it needs.—Reuter.

Britain And Italy Star In European Davis Cup

Milan, Aug. 1.

Italy and Britain each won one singles on the opening day of the Davis Cup European Zone Final, played in torrid heat here today.

Michael Davies, showing all-round power, gave Britain an early lead by beating Nicola Pietrangeli, Italy's leading player, 6-4, 6-3, 6-1 in an hour and 23 minutes. Then Orlando Sirola, using his tremendous height to advantage on service, defeated British Left-hander Billy Knight by 6-3, 7-5, 6-3.

The doubles will be played tomorrow, and the reverse singles will end the tie on Sunday.

Winners of the match will meet the Philippines, Eastern Zone champions, in Australia next December.—Reuter.

TWO-DAY INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC MATCH

United States Champions Meet In Poland

Warsaw, Aug. 1.

The United States led Poland 63-54 in the men's contest and 26-25 in the women's section at the end of the first day of the two-day international athletics match here.

The U.S. men moved into an early 10-0 lead taking the first two places in the 110-metre hurdles and the 100-metre dash, while the women gained an unexpected victory in the 100-metre dash to start ahead 8-3.

Angel Robinson's 14.0 in the 110-hurdles was well off the

record, as was Ira Murchinson's 10.5 in the 100 metres.

Earlene Brown took the women's shot put with a 102-20-metre throw, and Barbara Jones was the 100-metre victor in 11.6.

Z. Orywal of Poland fought off a challenge by Ed Moran to take the 1,500 metres in 3:42.7.

Polish record.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

A crowd of over 100,000 including the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Jacob D. Beam, watched today's programme, which was preceded by a march past of competitors and the playing of the American and Polish national anthems. The U.S. athletes were given tremendous applause.

Polish record.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Connolly's world best is 68.68 metres.

American high jumper Charlie Dumas, the official world record holder, easily won his event by clearing 2.11 metres.

The biggest surprise of the day was the eclipse of American world record-holder Hal Connolly, the Olympic Champion, in the hammer throw.

He finished fourth with 62.83 metres compared with a winning throw of 64.41 metres by Poland's Tadeusz Rut, who set a Polish record.

Conn